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SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

AN IMPORTANT FIND has been recently made by Mr. MASKELL of some early English bibliographical rarities, which Mr. JONES has had the good fortune to secure for the library of the British Museum. These newly-discovered treasures are ten in number, of which only two were at all previously known, the other eight being early English compositions, some in prose and some in verse, of which there is apparently no record anywhere extant. AMES has no account of them, neither has HERBERT, and neither has DIBDIS. Let us further state that five of them have been printed by WYNKYN DE WORDE, three by ROBERT WYER, one by LAWRENCE ANDREW, and one by RICHARD BANCKES, and we shall then, perhaps, stimulate the curiosity of our readers to inquire what may be their titles. The list is as follows: 1. "The Proverbes of Lydgate;" ending, "Here endeth the proverbes of Lydgate upon the fall of prynces. Imprynted at London in Flete Strete at the sygne of the Sonne, by me Wynkyn de Worde." Twelve leaves. Only one other copy of this edition is known, namely, that in the library of Bridgewater House.—2. "Saynt Nicholais of tollētyne;" ending, "Thus endeth the lyfe of Saynt Nicholais of Tollentyne. Emprynted at London in Fletestrete at the sygne of the Sonne by Wynkyn de Worde." This account of the life and miracles of Saint Nicholas is altogether unique; it is in prose, and occupies eight leaves.—3. "Here begynneth a lytell treatyse called the wyse chylde of thre yere olde. The infant sage beyng of thre yeres of age demaunded by Adryan Emperoure. The whiche hym answered unto every thyng he asked." Ending, "Imprynted in london in Fletestrete at the sygne of the Sonne by Wynkyn de Worde." Six leaves. This is also in prose, and unique. This legendary account of the sage child and the Emperor contains much curious matter. The questions asked and replied to are both philosophic and religious, principally the latter. Towards the end, however, the sage child has evidently grown tired of his imperial questioner, whom he shuts up in the following uncourtier-like manner: "Also the emperour hym demaunded where our lorde helde hym before that he created the worlde. And the chylde hym answered that he was in a wodde there where he made fagotes for to bourne the and all these the whiche wyll from hensforth enquire of the secretes of our lorde in whome there is no begynnyng nor endyng." The reason of this savage retort is not quite clear, as the Emperor's questions appear to be both discreet and reverend.—4. "Here begyneth a treatise of a galaūt;" ending, "Emprynted at London in the Fletestrete, at the sygne of the Sonne by me Wynkyn de Worde." Four leaves in verse, and unique in this edition. There was another edition of the same poem published by WYNKYN DE WORDE, of which, however, only one copy is known, and that imperfect; namely, the one reprinted by Sir EGERTON BRYDGES in his "Censura Literaria."—5. "Here begynneth a treatyse of this Galaūt with the maryage of the bosse of Byllingegate unto London Stone." Six leaves. This is another edition of the preceding, with the addition mentioned on the title-page. A poem of which three editions thus appeared within a short time of each other must have had in itself some elements of popularity, not the least of which is, that it inveighs in a very free manner against the vices of the age. It commences as follows:

Ryght as small fodes encrease to waters fell,
So y^e narrow furrows maye not susteyne,
Ryght so pride unclosed may not counsell
This new wretchednes y^e causeth us complayne,
How wo hath wrapped us in a cruell chayne;
Our pryde sheweth it well bothe ferre and nere.
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

Then follows an enumeration of the various iniquities and follies in which the "galaunts" of the time indulged, some of which they are accused of having imported from France, as in the following stanza:

Sometime we had Fraunce in grete derysyon
For theyr latefull pryde and loathesome unclennes;
Use we not nowe the same in our regyon,
And have permutet our welthe for gladnes?
Lechery of people is become a maystres,
Our gentylnes for galantysse have we left there.
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

So long ago it was that the custom prevailed of blaming our French neighbours for whatever went wrong or was thought to be wrong among ourselves!—6. "Here begyneth a newe Treatyse devyded in thre parties:

The fyrst parte is to know and have I mynde
The wretchednes of all mankynde,
The seconde is of the cōdycon and manere
Of the unstedfastnes of this world here.
The thyrde parte I this boke you may rede
Of bytter death, and why it is to drede.

Ending, "Imprynted by me Robert Wyer, dwellynge in Saynt Martyns parysshe, at the sygne of Saynt John Evangelyst, beside Charynge Crosse." Thirty-six leaves, and unique. This is a long religious poem, the versification of which, being very smooth, is its principal recommendation.—7. "The treatyse answerynge the boke of Berdis. Compyled by Collyn clowte, dedicated to Barnarde Barber dwellynge in Banbery;" ending "R. W., ad imprimendum solum." Eight leaves, and unique. In this treatise, which is partly in prose and partly in verse, a humorous reply is given to Dr. ANDREW BORDE's condemnation of the wearing of beards in his publication entitled "The Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge."

This having been printed by COPLAND in 1542 enables us to fix the date of the present treatise at very nearly the same year.—8. "A new treatyse in maner of a Dialogue, which sheweth the excellency of mānes nature, in that he is made to the Image of God, and wherein it restyth, and by how many wayes a man doth blotte and defyle the same Image;" ending, "Imprynted by me Robert Wyer." &c. Sixteen leaves. This treatise is also in verse, written by one MYLES HOGARDE, and is unique.—9. "The practyse of Cyrurgyons of Mountpyller: and of other that never came there;" ending, "Imprynted by me Rycharde Banckes." Four leaves, unique; containing some severe reflections upon the surgical practitioners of the time.—10. "The debate and stryfe betwene Somer and Wynter, with the estate present of Man;" ending, "Imprynted by me laurens andrew. These bookes be for to sell at the signe of Seynt John Evangelyst, in saynt Martyns parysshe, besyde Charynge crosse." In verse, four leaves, unique. This is perhaps the most interesting piece in the entire collection, Summer and Winter contending with each other in alternate stanzas ("amant alterna camenae") for the preference. Take the following for an example. "Somer" is addressing Winter:

Wynter I have yonge damsels that have theyr brestes whyte,
That go to gader the fayre flowres with their lovers bryghte,
The whiche swetely kyseth them laughyng merely,
And then go they thens glad and gay syngynge joyfully.

To which "Wynter" replies:

I have more of my ease than thou hast of delyghtes,
I have my chambres made pleasaunte and paynted for all syghtes,
There is no people in the worlde, grete nor small,
Bestys and byrdes without nombre but be paynted on the wall.

And then "Somer" answers as follows:

Wynter all thy desyre is the belly to fyll,
Bett were to be in a grene herbe where one may have his wyll
His trew love to embrace and to kysses swete
Than to be at the fyre in chafynge of his fete.

And so the dispute goes on through some five-and-twenty stanzas, which are followed by a number of proverbs headed "The tyme presente of man." With respect to the dates of these several publications, while none of them mention the year in which they were printed, we are inclined, from their appearance, to put it as circa 1530, or perhaps still earlier; with the exception of the "Treatise of Berdis," mentioned above. WYNKYN DE WORDE, there is good reason to believe, died in 1534; WYER printed from 1527 to 1542; BANCKES from 1525 to 1542; and ANDREWE about 1530. Of the last mentioned printer only three books are chronicled by AMES, one of which bears the date of 1527.

WE ARE GLAD to perceive that the suggestion which we threw out as to the desirability of having a really good translation of the works of HONORE DE BALZAC has not been without result. Messrs. SAUNDERS, OTLEY, and Co. announce as forthcoming "A judicious selection, suited to the English taste," the work to be performed by Mr. J. HAWKINS SIMPSON, author of "Poems of Oisín." The work selected to take the lead in this "judicious selection" is "La Lys dans la Vallée." From what we know of the translator and his works, we have every reason to believe that the task will be well and faithfully accomplished; but we would ask two questions. Why select at all? And, secondly, if selection be desirable, upon what principle is "La Lys dans la Vallée" to be admitted? We have said before that we do not hold any of DE BALZAC's works as indecent. His sketches of life and manners are often bold and free, but the tendency is never vicious, for vice is never brought upon the scene but to be scourged and condemned. But certainly, if there be among his works any one that is less defensible than the others, any in which the vicious propensities of our nature are dwelt upon more fully than seems necessary, and chords are touched upon likely to send dangerous thrills through innocent hearts, we believe that one to be the very one selected to commence the "judicious selection." Our advice to Mr. SIMPSON is to feel his way with such admirable and innocent works as "César Birotteau," "Ursule Mirouet," and some others that we can name, and then let him classify and arrange that splendid section of the "Comédie Humaine" which develops the career of VAUTRIN and LUCIEN DE RUBEMPRE.

Messrs. SAMPSON LOW and Co. inform us that Mrs. STOWE, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is now in England, engaged upon her new tale, a portion of which has already appeared under the title of the "Minister's Wooing;" this title will be retained for the complete work, which may be expected about the 1st of October, and the serial publication will be continued as heretofore, from month to month, until completed.

WE HAVE RECEIVED A LETTER from Mr. BURTON, of Preston, the auctioneer to whom the sale of the library of the late WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was intrusted by the persons beneficially interested under the will of the poet. Mr. BURTON complains of some remarks which appeared in the *Athenaeum* and *Illustrated London News*, which he takes as unfair to himself and untrue in fact. These remarks were to the effect that the library would have been much better sold had it been disposed of in the London market, and that the executors of WORDSWORTH acted very unwisely in employing a provincial auctioneer. Mr. BURTON is, naturally enough, not disposed to concur in these opinions, and quotes several lots and their prices with a view to prove that the property did not suffer by being sold in the country. We

really cannot enter into the controversy quite so far as Mr. BURTON seems to wish us to do, for the very simple reason that it is impossible to arrive at any definite result. We think that the remarks of our contemporaries were in very bad taste, and might have been spared. The executors and their man of business may be supposed to be the best judges of what was most convenient and desirable for all the parties concerned, and if they chose to employ Mr. BURTON (whom we know to be a very respectable man and competent auctioneer), it is simply impertinent to complain of their decision. Generally speaking, when anything is to be sold which is likely to excite competition, it is better to send it to that market which is most likely to produce the greatest number of competitors; and there can be no doubt that London is the best market in England, if not in the world. On the other hand, it may be that when a library derives its value more from the personal interest attached to the books than from their intrinsic price, the sale may be just as well carried on in the neighbourhood where its former owner lived as in the metropolis. Neighbours, in their anxiety to possess a memento, will sometimes give as high prices as the most eager bibliomaniac.

"THE MANX SOCIETY," which we mentioned a short time ago as having been instituted for the purpose of illustrating the history and antiquities of the Isle of Man, has just issued its first publication, namely, "An Account of the Isle of Man, its inhabitants, language, soil, remarkable curiosities, the succession of its kings and bishops, down to the eighteenth century. By way of essay. With a voyage to I-Columb-Kill. By WILLIAM SACHEVEBELLE, Esq. To which is added a Dissertation about the Mona of Cæsar and Tacitus, and an account of the ancient Druids, &c. By Mr. THOMAS BROWN. Edited, with introductory notice and copious notes, by the Rev. J. G. CUMMING, M.A., F.G.S., &c. Douglas: Isle of Man."—This work has been selected as the first of the society's series partly on account of its excessive rarity, and partly because, being a general history of the island down to the end of the seventeenth century, it was thought a likely work to interest others besides the mere local reader in the objects of the society. The original publication dates as far back as 1702, and commences with a survey of the island at that period; followed by "A further Account of some remarkable things in this Island, in a letter to Mr. JOSEPH ADDISON, of Magdalen College, Oxon." After which are placed four historical essays, followed by the author's voyage to I-Columb-Kill, and Mr. THOMAS BROWN'S "Dissertation." The whole is remarkably well edited by Mr. CUMMING, whose notes upon the text are as complete and satisfactory as could possibly be desired.

WITH REFERENCE to the case mentioned in our impression of the 6th inst., in which a Scotch publisher was alleged to have underpaid the contributor to a biographical dictionary in so gross a manner as to call for animadversion, we have received the following letter, to which our sense of justice compels us to give insertion. The statement here is clear and explicit, and certainly puts a different complexion upon the affair to that which it wore when it was brought under our notice:

SIR,—I have just had my attention drawn to an article in your impression of last week, which I cannot doubt refers to Mr. Mackenzie, publisher of the "Imperial Dictionary of Biography." The article, as you will perceive from the following statement, is not a little unjust. The gentleman to whom you refer was engaged by Dr. Waller, one of the conductors of the "Imperial Dictionary," to furnish some Oriental and other memoirs. They were duly transmitted to me by Dr. W. Only one, an article of twelve lines, was printed. The rest were laid aside by the general editor, on the ground of want of space. Some of them, I may mention, were noted by Dr. Waller as literal translations from the "Biographie Générale." When Mr. — requested payment of his account, a note was made up of his MSS., which were found to amount to five pages. Half a page was added in consideration of the short article printed. The sum mentioned in your article is that which was transmitted to Mr. —. He has therefore to complain of having been paid 55s. for twelve lines which we did, and five pages which we did not use. This, you will admit, is a very different complaint from that urged in your article. I believe that if it had been designed to retain Mr. — as a contributor he would have been requested to name his terms, as many others of our contributors have been.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

JOHN SERVICE, Corresponding Editor.

A NEW EDITION of Vol. II. of the Rev. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE'S well-known "Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures" has been for some time in preparation, and may be shortly expected to issue from the press. The execution of it has been entrusted to the Rev. Mr. AYRE, a gentleman with respect to whose orthodoxy it is said there can be no question, as there certainly was—whether rightly or wrongly we do not pretend to say—in the case of Dr. DAVIDSON, who was employed by the publishers in conjunction with Dr. TREGELLES to assist the venerable author in preparing a new edition (the tenth) of his work. Dr. DAVIDSON, in this distribution of labour, became responsible for the entire second volume; but such an outcry was caused by certain opinions therein expressed by him, that the volume was obliged to be detached from Mr. HORNE'S work, and published separately, while Mr. AYRE was engaged to supply its place by another. This is the volume now passing through the press. But we learn at the same time that a new edition of Dr. DAVIDSON'S volume has been called for, showing that he also is not without his admirers; which, considering the great amount of learning contained in his work, is not to be wondered at.

* The name is here inserted; but, as it was not given originally, it is not necessary to do so in the reply.

THE CELEBRATED WORK on the Fresco-paintings of Pompeii and Herculaneum, the first portion of which appeared at Berlin as far back as 1839, the illustrations by W. TERNITE and the letter-press by C. O. MÜLLER, has just been brought to a conclusion by the publication of its eleventh *heft* or part. The full title in the original is "Wandgemälde aus Pompeji und Herculaneum, nach den Zeichnungen und Nachbildungen in Farben von W. TERNITE. Mit einem erläuterndem Text von C. O. MÜLLER. Berlin: Reimer." After the lamented death of CARL OTTFRIED MÜLLER in 1840, the letter-press was contributed by Professor WELCKER, whose name appears also on the title of the last part. The work is in large folio, containing altogether eighty-eight lithographs, eleven of which are coloured, and all executed in the highest style of the art. The result of an examination is to impress the mind with a much more favourable opinion than is generally current of the excellency of the ancients in this branch of art.

THE PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR and some other journals, having heard a rumour of a negotiation between the proprietors of this journal and those of the *Literary Gazette* for the purchase of the latter journal, in order that it should be discontinued and amalgamated with the *CRITIC*, have announced that such negotiation has been completed, and that the proposed operation is about to take place immediately. In justice both to ourselves and to the *Literary Gazette*, we must correct what is erroneous in this. That some such negotiation has been pending is true enough; but it is not yet completed, nor is it likely to be, so long as the views of the parties to it differ as widely as they do as to the value of the contemplated subject of purchase.

THE SALE OF M. LIBRI'S PRINTED BOOKS.

WE CAN NOW RESUME and conclude our report of this interesting sale. On the tenth day, the most important lots:

- 1849. Office de la Vierge Marie (en Latin et en François). 12mo. Paris: P. Mettayer. 1596. Superb French binding of XVth century. This copy belonged to Marguerite de Valois. 10l. (Whitehead).
- 1855. Offitium Beate Marie Virginis. MS. on vellum, with illuminated borders in gold and colours. 24mo. Sæc. XV. 14l. (Tebener).
- 1857. Officia Beate Mariæ. Venet. Hertzog, 1483. Printed on vellum and bound in old black morocco and gold tooling of the XVth century. 11 gs. (Tebener).
- 1858. Offitium Beate Mariæ. 16mo. Neapoli. 1490. Printed on vellum. Italian binding of the XVth century. 13l. (Tebener).
- 1860. Offitium Beate Mariæ. 8vo. circa 1520. Printed on vellum. Said to be the only copy known. 28l. (Tebener).
- 1884. Orphæi Argonautica et Hymni. First Edit. Florentiæ: Philippus Junta, 1500. One of the rarest Greek books from the Giunta press. 12l. 15s. (Leslie).
- 1948. Partinuples. Libro del esforçado caallero cõde Partinuples. Black letter. 4to. Burgos, 1547. A curious specimen of Spanish Xylography, and a rare romance of chivalry. 15l. 10s. (Tebener).
- 1955. Paschalii (Caroli). Vidi Fabricii Pibrachii Vita. Parisiis, apud R. Columbellum, 1584. Printed on vellum, with binding richly tooled in the Grolier style. 30l. 10s. (Boone).
- 1993. Petrarcha (F.). Canzone, Sonetti et Triumphi. 4to. Sæc. XV. MS. on vellum, with intitulation in gold. 19l. 10s. (Quaritch).
- 1994. Petrarca (F.). Sonetti, Canzoni, e Triumphi. Fol. Venet. 1473. Large paper, and very rare. 27l. (Thompson).
- 2005. Petrarcha (H.). 8vo. Vinegia, 1514. 13l. 15s. (Boone).
- 2021. Phebus. Le miroir de Phebus. Small 4to. Paris, Philippe Le Noir. s. d. Black letter, bound in blue morocco by Duru. 12l. 12s. (Claudien).
- 2033. Pierre de Provence et la Belle Mangelonne. Small 4to. Paris, N. Bonfons. s. d. 14l. (Thompson).
- 2039. Pindari Oda, Græce. MS. on vellum. 12mo. Sæc. XV. 11l. (Boone).
- 2043. Pinder (Udalrici). Speculum Intellectuale. Fol. Nurembergæ, 1510. Grolier's copy, richly bound in his style. 18l. 10s. (Tebener).
- 2048. Piron (Alexis). Œuvres complètes. 8vo. Paris, 1776. Finely bound by De Rome. 11l. 5s. (Nattali).
- 2065. Plinii Secundi Naturalis Historiæ, Libri XXXVII. Fol. Venet. Jenson, 1472. 20l. 10s. (Boone).
- 2070. Plinii Secundi Epistolæ. First edition. Fol. Venet. 1471. A very choice edition. 26l. (Leslie).

The total of the tenth day's sale was 650l. 10s. 6d. On Friday, the 12th, the eleventh day of the sale, the following, among others, were sold:

- 2077. Plutarchi Vita. Fol. Basileæ, 1564. Fine contemporary German binding. This book belonged to Augustus, Elector of Saxony, an ancestor of the Prince Consort. 10l. (Boone).
- 2078. Plutarchi Cheronæi Vitæ Comparatæ. 12mo. Paris, 1577. Splendidly bound. Belonged to Marguerite de Valois. 21l. (T.)
- 2079. Plutarchus, Les Œuvres. Fol. Paris, 1587. Magnificently bound. Belonged to James I. 21l. (Boone).
- 2095. Poictiers. Costumes du Comte et Pais de Poictou. 4to. Paris and Poictiers, 1560. Printed on vellum, capitals illuminated. Belonged to Francis II., the first husband of Mary, Queen of Scots. 28l. (Boone).
- 2103. Politiano (A.) Cose Volgari. 4to. Bologna, 1494. Very rare. Bound in morocco, dentelle Venitienne, by Capé. 10l. 15s. (Stewart).
- 2142. Primalcon. Los tres libros del muy esforçado caallero Primalcon. Fol. Venecia, 1534. 33l. (Molini).
- 2154. Proverbes. Les prouerbes cõmons. circa 1490. Black letter. 12l. (Lilly).
- 2168. Psalterium in quatuor linguis, curante J. Potken. Fol. Colonia, 1518. Bound in Grolier style. 15l. (Boone).
- 2173. Ptolemæi (Claudii) Cosmographia. With 27 maps. Fol. 1478. 34l. 10s. (Tross).
- 2177. Ptolemæi Geographicæ Enarrationis Libri Octo. Fol. Lugduni, 1541. 20l. 10s. (Boone).
- 2186. Pulci (L.) Libro chiamato Morgante Magiore. Vinegia, 1533. Bound in contemporary Venetian morocco. 11l. 15s. (Leslie).

2202. Quatre Filz Aymon. Paris, par Nicolas Bonfons, s. d. Black letter. 12l. 12s. (Claudin.)
 2210. Quintilianus (M. F.), cum Præfatione Aldi Pii Manutii. Aldus, 1514. Bound in morocco by Padeloup. 22l. (T.)

*. In a note in the catalogue, M. Libri points out that this is the very copy which is described by Renouard as being in the Royal Library at Paris; but he adds "it was sold by auction in Paris in 1858, with the books of M. Bergeret (No. 753). See the catalogue published by M. Techener." Doubtless it was to the possession of this and similar volumes that M. Libri owed the accusation brought against him of having purloined from the Royal, or, as it is now called, the Imperial Library, an accusation of which he has since been honourably acquitted by a competent tribunal.

At this part of the sale occurred a large number of "Rappresentazioni Sacre," or, as we call them, Mysteries, or Miracle-Plays. They fetched good prices; but none more than 10l.

2287. Reali di Franza. Fol. Venet, 1499. A rare prose romance; bound by Bauzonnet-Trautz. 16l. 10s. (T.)
 2308. Rhenani (Beati), Rerum Germanicarum. Basil, 1531. This beautiful copy belonged to Grolier. 30l. (Techener).

The total of this day's sale was 679l. 3s. On the twelfth day was sold an extraordinary collection of eleven Italian romances, editions printed in France about the beginning of the seventeenth century. They only fetched 10l. (T.)

2372. Roze (Guy de, Archevesque de Sens), Le doctrinal de Sapience. Rouen, s. d. Black letter. 25l. 10s. (Techener.)
 2397. Salle (Antoine de la) L'Histoire du petit Jehan de Saincte et de la jeune dame des belles cousines. Paris, 1533. A rare old black letter romance of chivalry. 12 gs. (Techener.)
 2398. Sallustii Opera, Aldus, 1521 (format Agenda). 32l. (Boone). M. Libri says: "These format Agenda are the scarcest of all the books printed by the Aldi, and even scarcer than copies taken off upon vellum."
 2417. Sannazarii (Actii Synceri) De Partu Virginis; &c. Printed on vellum. 1526. The dedication copy presented to Pope Clement VII. 28l. (Techener.)
 2473. Scriptores de Re Militari. Rome, 1487. 13l. (Leslie.)
 2478. Seneca (L. A.) Opera Omnia. Neapoli, 1475. "Apparently the La Vallière copy which sold at the library of the late Duke of Sussex." 35l. 10s. (Nutt.)
 2479. Seneca Epistolæ. Roma, 1475. 14l. (Techener.)
 2523. Speculum Humanæ Salvationis Latino-Germanicum. A rare book in the style of the block books. Fol. circa 1471. 18l. (E. Allen.)
 2536. Statuts (Livre des) et Ordonnances de l'Ordre du Benoist Sainct Esprit. Paris, 1758. This copy belonged to Henri IV. of France. 10l. 10s. (Techener.)
 2569. Taciti Opera. First edition. Venet. circa 1470. Copy from Sir M. M. Sykes' collection. 48l. (Nutt.)

The total on this day was 595l. 8s. The thirteenth and last day offered by far the most tempting show of any, for upon it, among other rarities, were sold the splendid set of Xylographic specimens of which M. Libri was so justly proud. The attendance on this day was greater than on any of the former ones, and the amount realised was nearly equal to that on any other two days, amounting as it did to 1268l. 2s. The choicest lots were:

2583. Tasso (T.) Gerusalemme Liberata. Parma, 1581. From the Colonna Library; with many important MS. additions. 18l. (Boone.)
 2623. Tewdrannck. Die geuerlicheiten und einsteils der geschichten des Ioblichen streytparen, etc. Illustrated with 118 large wood engravings, by Jost van Neger, from the designs of Hans Schäufelein. Magnificently printed on vellum. Nuremberg, 1517. The presentation copy to Count Willien of Rosenberg. 30l. (T.)
 2635. Thesus de Coulogne. L'Hystoire Tresrecreative. A rare black letter romance. Paris, Jehan Bonfons, s. d. Bound by De Rome. 14 gs. (Boone.)
 2636. Thomas de Aquino (Sancti), Præclarum opus quartiscripti. Fol. Mayence, 1469. 14l. 10s. (Leslie.)
 2664. Tremellii (Immanueli), in Hoseam Prophetam Interpretatio et Enarratio. 1563. A fine specimen of German binding of the sixteenth century. 12l. (T.)

2681. Turpini (Archevesque de Reims), Cronique et histoire, contenant les prouesses et faictz d'armes advenuz en son temps du tres magnanime Roy Charles le grant, autrement dit Charlemaigne, et de son neveu Roland. A rare black letter romance. Paris, 1527. 16l. 5s. (Quaritch.)
 2686. Uberti (Fazio degli), Dita Mundi. Folio. Vicenza, 1474. 12l. (T.)
 2735. Verdizotti (G. M.), Stanze in Lode della Musica. circa 1560. A beautiful MS. on vellum, by the celebrated fabulist and friend of Titian. Bound in the Grolier style. 10l. 10s. (Boone.)
 2744. Vesputii (Alberici) Mundus Novus. Excessively rare. 32l. 10s. (E. Allen.)
 2750. Vidæ, Christiados Libri sex et alia Poemata. Lugduni, 1536. Grolier's copy, and the more extraordinary as being the only specimen known of his binding in ornamental vellum. 17l. (T.)
 2796. Wotton (J.) Incipit Liber qui vocatur speculum Xpiani, sequitur expositio orationis dominicæ, &c. 4to. 1480. Black letter. 21l. 10s. (Quaritch.)
 2799. Xenophon la Cyrepédie, traduite par J. de Vintemille Rhodien. 4to. Paris, 1547. First edit. Edward VI.'s copy, magnificently bound, and perhaps the first specimen of his library in existence. 34l. 10s. (Boone.)

The Xylographic books then followed, headed by the gem of the whole collection. This was

2805. Biblia Pauperum, Germanica. Fol. Nordlingen, 1470. A very large and beautiful copy of an extremely rare and probably unique impression of this block-book. It was knocked down at the high price of 220l. to Mr. E. Allen.
 2806. Ars Moriendi. Small fol. Black letter. Sec. XV. 21l. (Mr. E. Allen.)
 2807. Planeten Buch. 4to. 39l. (Boone.)
 2808. Donatus de Octo Partibus Orationis. Fol. 15 gs. (Mr. E. Allen.)
 2812. O Mors quam amara est memoria tua. Fol. circa 1475. 10l. (Boone.)

After the lots specified in the catalogue had been disposed of, Mr. WILKINSON produced some addenda in the form of ten lots of designs and works in illustration of the "Dance of Death." By far the most important of these was the first, described as "A series of forty-four Original Drawings in Pen and Ink, by Holbein." These drawings measure four inches in height by three in width, and are mounted in a small quarto volume, bound in the original red morocco, having on the inside cover the engraved arms or book-plate, "Chr. de Mechel Basil," and an inscription on the fly-leaf in the autograph of Prince GALLITZIN, "Quarante Quatre Desseins Originaux de Holbein représentant le Danse de la Mort." Each design is numbered, commencing 3638, and ending 3681, being their references to the numbers in MARIETTE's Catalogue of the Crozat Collection. This is the celebrated series of original designs by the hand of HANS HOLBEIN, whence were engraved many of those that appeared in the first edition of "Les Simulachres et Historiées faces de la Mort," &c., issued at Lyons in 1538. The designs were originally in the Arundel Collection in this country, whence they passed into the Low Countries, and became the property of Jan Bochorst the painter, commonly called Long John; from whose possession they passed into the collection of M. Crozat, when at his death, about 1771, they were purchased by Counsellor Fleischmann, of Strasbourg, who transferred them to M. Chr. de Mechel for the purpose of engraving and publishing them, which he did in 1780, M. Mechel omitting Nos. 1, 3, 29, 40, and 41, adding others from other original drawings to make up the series of forty-seven designs as then engraved by him. The volume, as it now is, with the book-plate of M. Chr. de Mechel, then passed into the collection of Prince Gallitzin. This fine lot was, after much competition, knocked down to M. Techener, for 290l.

The total amount of the thirteen days' sale was thus brought up to 8822l. 7s.; probably the largest aggregate for a collection of printed books, containing only 2834 lots, since the invention of printing.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

DE QUINCEY'S SPECULATIONS.

Speculations Literary and Philosophic. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. London and Edinburgh: James Hogg and Sons.

THERE ARE GREAT LITERARY CREATORS; there are great literary artists; there are great literary performers. Among the last Mr. De Quincey holds a very high and honourable rank. But his admirers are not satisfied unless we assign him a position equally distinguished among literary creators or literary artists. As a literary performer he has two chief instruments: an opulent vocabulary and an exquisite ear. He is an incomparable master of melodious words. We soon, however, grow tired of a music where there is so little of massiveness and variety. Mr. De Quincey is singularly monotonous and unsuggestive. Thought does not crowd on thought deeper and deeper; image on image richer and richer. It is astonishing how far the author can make an idea go, of no real weight or worth in itself. Through a hundred pages it deliciously warbles; and it would be easy for Mr. De Quincey to send it through a thousand. The intellectual dexterity strikes us, the intellectual poverty strikes us infinitely more. We do not complain of Mr. De Quincey's incessant and interminable digressions. Of course digressions are always an artistic defect; but digressive writers are often so from an excess of plenitude and pith. What we complain of is that Mr. De Quincey's digressions never lead to anything. We are dragged hither and

thither in a labyrinth; we have travelled fifty miles; we find, however, that we have not moved fifty feet from the same spot. For once this may be amusing; tried a second time the experiment is intolerably wearisome. Mr. De Quincey has a nimble and subtle brain, which gathers nothing, and therefore can give nothing. Whatsoever has been analysed too much already, that sharp and darting brain can analyse farther. If literature were morbid anatomy, Mr. De Quincey's would be an unrivalled literary name. He is more attracted by what is minutest in its decay than by what is grandest in its robust and radiant health. His sympathies are exclusively with the exceptional and the diseased. The world wisely forgets the leprosies it can neither alleviate nor heal; but our Opium Eater unveils them just because they are beyond the reach of remedy or relief.

All our literature at present has a sickly hue. Mr. De Quincey contrives to be popular through having a sicklier hue than his neighbours. His æsthetic aspirations are mistaken for athletic inspirations by a host of jabbering Cockneys and simpering provincials, who would exalt atony into a muse and atrophy into a goddess. We could excuse Mr. De Quincey for being weak, for parading his weakness, and for allowing it to be adored by foolish idolators. But are the sciolism, the pretentiousness, we might almost say the charlatanism, conspicuous in his books, to be so easily passed over? These books abound in twaddle, in silly gossip; they are

frequently prolix and pedantic, frequently marked by the worst possible taste, frequently disfigured by ponderous jokes—pitiful jests on the part of a man who is deficient in the sense both of wit and humour. Lament some of these things, blame others of them as we may, they do not convey us beyond the temperate zone either of compassion or indignation. Is it the same, however, with Mr. De Quincey's assumption of infallible scholarship and universal knowledge; and with the absurdity, injustice, misrepresentation, and detraction into which he is thereby betrayed? On the amount and the nature of our author's acquirements in Greek and Latin we are no farther led to speak doubtfully than from our annoyance at his puerile and ostentatious display of his Latin and his Greek. Of his acquirements in other directions we do not speak doubtfully: we are certain that they are extremely superficial. That Mr. De Quincey has been an omnivorous reader is manifest; that his memory is prodigiously retentive we have, alas! proof too disagreeable in the quantity of rubbish he brings before us from every corner of creation. But he has never been a systematic student; and how, except by systematic study, can sound, ample, and accurate erudition be attained? Like most blunderers, our author is fond of exposing the blunders of others; but it may be safely said that for every real or imaginary blunder he detects he commits three of his own, mingled with which, if there is no intense or elaborate malignity, there is abundance of that petty spite to which garrulous old women are so prone.

The first article in this volume is on Pope. It was occasioned by Lord Carlisle's lecture on the little ill-natured Twickenham poet. Through a pompous prodigality of platitudes we are led to the dingy den where Mr. De Quincey dissects and flagellates, flagellates and dissects. What is Pope's crime? He has exaggerated and embellished when describing the Duke of Buckingham's death,—and poets are never allowed to exaggerate and embellish; he has assigned a larger share to the influence of France on English literature than Mr. De Quincey deems right. For these trifles our philosopher works himself into a fury, grows red in the face, stamps and yells, and when he subsides into a calm, he is still keen as an Aristarchus, unsparing as a Rhadamanthus.

Now let us look at Mr. De Quincey's own sins. The volume contains a paper, and an exceedingly poor paper, flippant and flimsy, on Herder—if not the most gifted, the most genial and catholic of German writers. We have read, and in many cases more than once, nearly everything that flowed from Herder's fertile pen. There are few authors with whom we are more familiar, scarcely one whom we have found more suggestive. Now this incessant intercourse for long years with a noble German soul enables us to see that Mr. De Quincey is as ignorant of Herder as of the countless persons and things that have tempted him to an outpouring of sentences as sweetly musical as they are culpably false. He confesses that he is unable to adjust the balance of Herder's claims to his own satisfaction, to determine whether he was a great man or not. Why, after this, the only instance of modesty which we encounter in the volume, does he proceed to pronounce oracularly—for Mr. De Quincey is always oracular—on the genius and character of Herder? He says that Herder was the German Coleridge,—an assertion on which he would never have ventured if he had read Herder's works. Except in manifoldness and discursiveness of mind, there was no resemblance between Herder and Coleridge. Herder was as superior to Coleridge in everything else as he was inferior to him as a poet. It may be just to maintain in regard to Coleridge that he had an all-grasping erudition, a spirit of universal research, a disfiguring superficiality and inaccuracy, an indeterminateness of object, an obscure and fanciful mysticism, a plethoric fullness of thought, a fine sense of the beautiful, an incapacity to deal with simple and austere grandeur. Apply the condemnatory parts of this delineation to Herder, and you become a cruel and cowardly calumniator. There have been profounder thinkers than Herder; but he was never superficial. Inaccurate he might occasionally, though rarely, be; but it was never from carelessness. As an idealist and an enthusiast he might often dream unrealisable dreams; but he always marched with a definite purpose and a decided step. Pious, with a childlike earnestness, he was equally remote from an arid rationalism and a cloudy and fantastic fanaticism; as, in truth, he gave birth to that theological party to which Germany owes so much, and which would reconcile the most advanced science with the warmest devotion.

It is singular that, while from ignorance De Quincey calls Herder a mystic, dull and canting Frederick Schlegel from malice calls him by the very opposite name. If Herder was incompetent to deal with austere and simple grandeur, how does it happen that he was the sublimest of commentators on the sublimest of the Hebrew prophets? Without dwelling on the frailties of Coleridge, we may without violence to charity at least aver that he was feeble in will, feeble in conscience, and still feebler in action—that, vague, vapory, indolent, he produced and was capable of producing nothing but fragments. Herder on the contrary, resolute in will, persistent, conscientious, could be satisfied with vast and finished edifices alone. If he did not accomplish all that he aspired to or attempted, it was because so much of his time was robbed by inglorious and mechanical drudgery. Herder died from excess of toil: was it from excess of toil that Coleridge died, unless endless and aimless talking be toil?

We pass to another point. Herder was born on the 25th August 1744, and deceased on the 18th December 1803. From

his eighteenth till his twentieth year he was a student at Königsberg, where he attended the lectures and enjoyed the friendship of Immanuel Kant. In after years Herder frequently spoke of Kant with the deepest reverence and the most fervent regard. Though, however, Herder's admiration of Kant never changed, he conceived a strong dislike to the Kantian philosophy. Toward the close of his life he devoted a special work to its refutation. The work had the complete approval of Richter and others of Herder's friends. Mr. De Quincey says three things about this production which are all equally untrue—that it was provoked by personal resentment, that it is perfectly feeble, and that it fell into immediate contempt. Herder was angry, it seems, because Kant had called him an enthusiast. Serious charge truly, and demanding a terrible revenge! We have only to read Herder's own explanations and the statements of those who were living in closest intimacy with him, to be assured that when he wrote he was yielding to no childish impulses, but obeying the most sacred sense of duty. Herder's nature carried him to systems diametrically opposed to the Kantian philosophy—systems more living, more spontaneous, more in harmony with poetry and religion. But, besides, he believed that the most disastrous consequences flowed, and were likely farther to flow, from Kant's theories. The work itself has neither sunk into contempt, nor is it contemptible. It has been well repeated of Herder what Lessing said of the Spanish philosopher Huarte, that, like a spirited horse, he never struck out so much fire as when he stumbled. Herder was neither a logician nor a metaphysician, nor was he fitted to excel in controversy. What really interested him had to take the shape either of phantasy or of feeling. But though the work may be wanting in polemical power, it cannot disdainfully be spurned as a failure, and Mr. De Quincey might be worse employed than in reading the "Metakritik" for the first time; this would be more honest than branding it as bad on hearsay. Mr. De Quincey delights so much in playing the part of corrector, like Alexander Cruden, that it is amusing to have continually to rectify his own mistakes. He says that the memoirs of Herder, by his widow, were not published until ten years after her death; yet she died in 1815, and the memoirs appeared in 1820. He says that precisely at the middle of the last century Leibnitz had been dead little more than forty years; he died in 1716, which brings us nearer to the thirty than the forty. He says that Leibnitz did not write at all in the German language; yet, curiously enough, there are sundry volumes of German works by Leibnitz for sale. These are trifles, and we have no love for this dreary region; but how Mr. De Quincey goes on prosing page after page when he encounters trifles still more insignificant in others!

His critical judgments inspire about the same respect as his dates and statements inspire confidence. Thus, he speaks of Richter as the Rousseau and the Sterne of Germany. Richter had read Rousseau diligently, Sterne much more diligently. But it would be wrong to represent him as chiefly either a sentimentalist or a humorist. He was the high priest of nature, and few have ever offered to the God of Nature a grander worship. His sentimentalism is often laboured and lachrymose; his humour often strained and far-fetched: when, however, he holds converse with the Universe of the Almighty, how stupendous are his pictures, how burning are his prayers, and how beautifully his love for the Creator—nourished by the hush of forests and the glory of stars—passes into the tenderest love for every work, living or lifeless, of the Creator's hand!

The best feat of Mr. De Quincey as a literary performer in this volume is an essay on Charlemagne. As a composition it is unquestionably fine. Mr. De Quincey has many artifices of style, but they are not rhetorical artifices; the eloquence is genuine eloquence. But this essay is characterised in an unusual degree by the author's usual faults, the recklessness, the special pleading, the self-sufficiency, the delusive semblance of comprehensiveness, accompanied by the total inability to grasp a principle. To tomahawk all the idiocies in this outburst of melodious craziness would be a waste of time. One primordial object of the author is to compare Charlemagne and Napoleon. Charlemagne is converted from Carolus Magnus into Carolus Maximus, and Napoleon sinks not into Napoleon the Little, but Napoleon the Least. This is Mr. De Quincey's mode of managing a historical parallel; before undertaking which Mr. De Quincey should have asked himself whether men so essentially different, and living in ages so essentially different, as Charlemagne and Napoleon, could be compared. Charlemagne with his Teutonic breadth, strength, solidity, and sagacity, was wholly unlike Bonaparte with his rapid, daring, fruitful, Italian genius. That Charlemagne transcended Napoleon as politician and legislator is easily asserted, but not so easily proved. Granting, however, that it were so, it would be easy both to assert and to prove that, while as a general Charlemagne displayed talent consummate, yet not remarkably rare, Napoleon, with the exception perhaps of Hannibal, surpassed all the captains of ancient or modern times. Of Napoleon's insatiable egoism, his vulgar vanity, his treachery to truth and human salvation, his gigantic gambling with the lives of men, we have not a word to utter in defence. But to place far above him the coarse and sensual Charlemagne, the man of the bull neck, the preposterous abdomen, the nine wives, and the numberless concubines, is not even pardonable as a crotchet, not to speak of the more serious elements that should enter into our estimate of earth's mightiest ones. Neither Charlemagne nor Napoleon was instinctively cruel; both, however, in act could be clement or cruel according to convenience or necessity, or perchance, now and then, caprice. But Mr. De Quincey, defying

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common sense and dashing aside with declamatory curses the testimony of the historians, impudently maintains that, while Charlemagne's severity toward the Saxons was excusable, Bonaparte's severity toward the Turks, when he was in the East, was wholly inexcusable. Other points of comparison are purely ludicrous: Charlemagne could swim, Bonaparte could not; Charlemagne was an elegant horseman, Bonaparte was not; Charlemagne was an accomplished gentleman, Bonaparte was an intolerable brute; Charlemagne knew Latin, Bonaparte could not read an English newspaper; and so forth. Why did not Mr. De Quincey bring it as a serious charge against Bonaparte that he was short while Charlemagne was tall? That Charlemagne was the greatest orator as well as the greatest warrior of his generation Mr. De Quincey accepts on evidence which would not satisfy a schoolboy. And what is the evidence that Bonaparte was no orator at all? Why, the veracious M. Bourrienne—the base and ungrateful slanderer of him who had from earliest youth been his benefactor—states that on the memorable eighteenth Brumaire Napoleon was not particularly fluent. The eloquent speeches, the brilliant and original sayings recorded of Napoleon, are to go for nothing. It is enough that excellent M. Bourrienne declares that Napoleon on one occasion was not so glib as he should have been.

The other articles in this volume merit no special notice. On the whole, our advice to Mr. De Quincey would be that he should stick to his opium and to the chronicle of its effects. When he tells us that thus and thus he dreamed when under the influence of laudanum, it would be uncourteous to dispute with him; but it is otherwise when he would transfigure all history and all criticism into an opium eater's distracted vision.

ARTICLES.

ESSAYS OF PETER BAYNE.

Essays. By PETER BAYNE, A.M., Author of "The Christian Life." Edinburgh and London: James Hogg and Sons.

WE CONFESS to a species of paternal pride in looking back to the career of the author now before us. It was the *Carric* which, in the spring of 1855, first introduced to the public his able work "The Christian Life;" and, although our verdict was not followed by a very large sale, it was echoed instantly by the voices of the press, and the work having found its way to America, became there exceedingly popular, and procured for the author a name of no small mark or likelihood. So famous, indeed, did Mr. Bayne become across the Atlantic, that he was induced to collect and publish there first the fugitive essays which are now reprinted by Mr. Hogg, with some considerable additions and many corrections.

The great charm of "The Christian Life" lay in its union of very high modern culture with a firm hold of the verities of the faith of Jesus. Against the sceptics and pantheists of the day, one intimately acquainted with their writings, and who had, perhaps, in early life, nearly occupied their standpoint, was heard in that book, lifting up an earnest and eloquent testimony, and with great fervour, and still greater charity, urging them to return to the old paths from whence they had so miserably diverged. Mr. Bayne did not seek so much to prove Christianity by logic as to show it proving itself by its action upon the minds and hearts of such men as Chalmers, Foster, and Arnold. The idea was happy—in part, novel—and was wrought out with great force and skill. Here and there, indeed, a ludicrous effect was produced by the confusion of the writer's old and his new modes of speaking in reference to Carlyle and Carlyism. We knew a convert from Popery who, for some time after he became a Protestant, used, while eating flesh on a Friday, to be seized with involuntary tremblings, and to drop his knife and fork as if he were doing some guilty action. So, Mr. Bayne, after giving the other and the other hard hit to Carlyle's most unsatisfactory and negative theory of things, seemed sometimes surprised at his own boldness, and starting back at the sound he himself had made, began, as if in penitence, to mutter epithets culled from his old gibberish of adoration, and then resumed his pugilistic attitude once more! Apart from this, however, his book was a vigorous, eloquent, and useful one, and not only showed that a reaction against Carlyism had commenced among the young and able of the age, but tended to strengthen and accelerate the hopeful movement.

In reference to Mr. Bayne's present Essays, assuming, as we have done for the nonce, a kind of paternal relation to him, we propose first to administer a little salutary discipline before proceeding to the more pleasing work of commendation.

There is in this new work, much more conspicuously than in "The Christian Life," a vein of egotism and self-satisfaction. As one evidence of this, we notice that in several of his critical essays where the usual formula of "we" might have been expected, and had been more graceful, he substitutes an "I." This may possibly arise from the lecture-shape which two or three of these essays originally bore; but we find it also in papers which were never, we believe, delivered to any audience. We have, we must say, a certain liking for egotists when they are honestly and consistently such. We knew a worthy gentleman who, from the frequency of his use of the first personal pronoun, attained the sobriquet of "Lord Ego," and yet whose egotism, being the only sincere, was the one good thing about him. But in a philosopher—and to this character Mr. Bayne makes no mean pretensions—we expect a certain modesty and reserve of spirit, which need not, or at least are seldom, found in a poet. Perhaps, after all, his appearance of self-gloriation may arise from the extreme

rapidity with which his mind pursues its operations and his style hurries on. A man who talks swiftly seems often when he is not, to be talking dogmatically. Mr. Bayne's temperament is ardent, and he generally criticises (we had almost said charges) at full speed. He thinks nothing of clearing a cluster of authors as a hunter would a five-barred gate, and springs across some grand gaping problem as over a puddle in a pathway. He never for a moment seems to doubt his own capacity of dealing with every subject under the sun, and he does deal with most subjects he encounters with praiseworthy earnestness and energy, if not with complete success.

Mr. Bayne is an enthusiastic Christian; he glories in the Cross of Christ. He finds in the Christian ideas and facts the only adequate revelation of God to men. And yet he has, we venture to say, a most inconsistent and unchristian sympathy with war, and his style is never so eloquent as when it is bepraising deeds of derring-do, and describing Torres Vedras, Salamanca, Lodi, and Waterloo. This we attribute, too, partly to his warm-blooded temperament. We are far, besides, from advocating in their full extent, Peace Society principles. War may be for a long time a necessary evil. But this is a very different thing from talking as if it were a divine appointment, or as if there were any peculiar glory connected with it *per se*. Never did Byron or Voltaire utter a more blasphemous satire against the Almighty than did Wordsworth when he said "Carnage is God's daughter," yet many passages in the volume in hand seem intended as comments on this note from the Psalm of Hell—which we think, too, Mr. Bayne quotes in one place with approbation: "War is fixed by the Eternal Councils! The hand of the Christian (!) God is manifested in it. The car of civilisation must drip with blood; the tree of humanity has to be lanced, and lanced fearfully, ere it reach its final glory and beauty." What is this but the rankest Carlyism? With that system, Evil is Good, is God's, and has been appointed from eternity; and the God of Holiness and Love is degraded into an Almighty Jesuit, who does evil that good may come, and seeks the happiness of some future society by means of the blood and misery of millions of the members of the present? And, admitting that war often produces good, does that good bear any proportion to the evils which, not only attend its steps, but which continue to flow from its bloody fountains long after these are closed? And is this a time of all others—a time in which a taste for war's "dreadful revelry" has become a madness among many nations—to seek to heat, and, still more, to consecrate, the passion? We think Mr. Bayne is far too lenient in his judgment of Napoleon, who, with all his powers, was just a gigantic brigand, an incarnation of low paltry selfishness, craft, cruelty, and egotism; and who, so far from being an "instrument of God," seemed rather a hound of hell let loose upon the planet by his master. Of Wellington, too, his over-estimate is enormous. He was not, as O'Connell used to call him, a "pig-headed dragoon," but he was the most commonplace of all great or successful men. His genius in war was not original; his success arose from caution and the courage of his soldiers. His triumphs in Portugal and Spain would have led to nothing had it not been for Napoleon's misfortunes in other parts of the world; and if some will still persist in attributing to him heart,

Humanity will rise, and thunder *Ney*.

Mr. Bayne, to do him justice, condemns Wellington's conduct in reference to Ney; but then he finds out ingeniously that the Duke "loved in the mass; loved not the soldier but the army;" never pitied with a "sentimental sigh" individual loss or destruction, but looked to "general prosperity." What egregious cant and sophistry! One is reminded of Godwin's famous definition of virtue (borrowed from Jonathan Edwards), that it is "love to being in general;" so that a man may hate his children, abuse his wife, and trample on his neighbours, nay, rob and murder, and be virtuous still, provided he retain in his breast this sublime attachment to universal being! A man, indeed, may love a wood well, and yet cut down many of its trees to improve the prospect; but men are not trees, an army is not a wood; and he who has little interest or affection for his individual soldiers will care for the collective army only as it is, or is not, a manageable machine for carrying out his own purposes. There used to be a cant of sentiment; it is now succeeded by a cant against sentiment, which we consider a more detestable cant still. If a man now venture to utter a word of manly indignation and drop a tear of burning sorrow while reading of the lives lost and the cruelties inflicted on both sides in one of our Crimean or Indian campaigns, he is instantly called a "puling sentimentalist," and told to dry his eyes with a child's napkin. In this way, all moral feelings and natural instincts are contemned, and, by-and-by, moral distinctions too come to be disregarded, and every evil and every sin are judged of, not by our heartfelt abhorrence of them, but by some conventional standard—by the hard maxims of a world lying in wickedness and believing in nothing but money. And, let us add, that Christians and Christian ministers have much to answer for in this matter. They are far too ready to yield to and baptise any popular movement leading to war or to schemes of selfish ambition and national aggrandisement, whatever loss of life or increase of individual misery may result from them. In terror of being accused of sentimentalism or fanaticism, they have often forgot that their Father's name is Love, and that the last legacy of their Master was Peace.

There is in this age too, a vast over-estimate of the powers of the warrior. Although essentially only a first-rate chess-player he is

ranked with the Shaksperes, Miltons, Burkes, and Bacons of the race. We advise our readers who would wish to see this topic treated exhaustively to turn to Channing's paper on Napoleon, which appears to us, after all that has been written about him, the most satisfactory and the most Christian outline of his history and character.

Our author commits in several portions of his work juvenilities of style bordering on bombast. We notice these especially in the earlier parts of the volume, such as his rather flimsy paper on Plato, and his "Wellington;" both, however, being young productions. But on such small offences it were smaller still to dwell. He has, however, some critical judgments in which we deem him in error.

Mr. Bayne, it is clear, has not yet fully recovered from his early "hero-worship," nor do we wish his cure to be ever altogether complete! Those are dreams so delightful young enthusiasts have of ladies and of poets, that even when the appropriate cure arrives—namely, of marriage for the one, and of authorship for the other—they "cry to dream again." The early objects of Mr. Bayne's idolatry seem to have been Carlyle and Emerson. These he still loves *sub rosa*, although not so warmly as before; but now Tennyson and Ruskin have become his gods, and on them he lavishes all the riches of his language and imagination. Desperately does he wage battle for the religion of "In Memoriam," and of "Modern Painters" and "The Stones of Venice." We will not enlarge on this point, else if we took the Scottish, or indeed any standard of orthodoxy, we could point out heresies quite as formidable in Ruskin and Tennyson as in the transcendentalists whom they follow with a half step. Passing, however, from this invidious topic, we must dissent in some degree from Mr. Bayne's ideas about Tennyson, Keats, and Shelley. He uniformly talks of them as the greatest poets of their day. Undoubtedly they are the swiftest in wing, but a peri is not an archangel; their strength, although great, is not equal to their brilliance; their *body*, though considerable, is not proportionate to their froth, and the objection to their taking a permanent session on the peaks of Parnassus is precisely that of the cherub (in the well-known Romish legend) who, when politely asked by a saint whom he visited in his cell, to sit down, replied that he had not the where-withal. Let them continue, however, as beautiful winged "creatures of the element" to hover around the sides and near the summit of the sacred hill! Our author does scanty justice to Wordsworth and to Byron; in different ways, the two most masculine singers of our age. Indeed, Mr. Bayne's mind must itself partake somewhat of the feminine type, else by this time of the day he would be turning from such comparatively childish things as "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Oriana," and "The Cloud"—beautiful exceedingly as these are in their own style—to "Ruth," "Laodamia," "The Song of Brougham Castle," by Wordsworth, to Crabbe's "Eustace Gray," to Byron's "Prophecy of Dante" and "Heaven and Earth," and to Southey's "Curse of Kehama;" not to speak of the older and still healthier and mightier poets of England.

Apart from Mr. Bayne's admiration of Ruskin's religion, we believe that he rates his artistical merits far too high. He has few words to spare against his insolence, dogmatism, caprice, and inconsistency, his frequent truculence of spirit, and the vast proportion of sound and fury, empty verbiage, and hollow enthusiasm which his works contain, and which to some extent mar their unquestionable power, fluency, acuteness, and splendour of fancy.

We are sorry that we have now left ourselves in our limited space scarcely any room for dilating on the excellences of Mr. Bayne's book, or the vigour and vivacity of his intellect, the occasional acuteness of his thought, the fluency and eloquence of his language, the extent and variety of his erudition, and the fertility and felicity, in general, of the illustrations he employs. We could cull whole pages of striking figures. We have only room for two comparing Napoleon's "wild force" to Wellington's "quiet strength." He says, "The volcano sends up its red bolt with terrific force as if it would strike the stars; the calm hand of gravitation seizes it and brings it silently to the earth." Again, speaking of Napoleon's empire, he says, "From amid the volcanic heavings of the Revolution it had risen in strength and massiveness, like a granite mountain, buttressed about with rocks, repressing into submission and silence the fires from the midst of which it had risen, and beating back proudly the tempests by which it was assailed." On the whole, next to De Quincey's "Classic Records," and "Masson's "Milton," this is the best book of the season in the special department of Literature.

JAPAN.

A Cruise in Japanese Waters. By Captain SHERARD OSBORN, C.B. London: William Blackwood and Sons. pp. 210.

THE FACT THAT THIS VOLUME is only a reprint of papers which have appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* might be urged as a passable excuse for dismissing it with a few words of praise. We do not, however, recognise it as an invariable rule that because a work has already worn a serial form it should therefore not be noticed in another. Were this so, indeed, a very large and most important class of books would be excluded from review altogether; because it is impossible in the first instance to do more than devote a few comments to each separate fragment as it appears, and it is only when they are all brought together that we are fairly able to judge its literary merit as an entire work, or to pronounce how far it is likely to serve the purpose which its author had in view. For this reason we

shall make no excuse for devoting to Captain Osborn's very admirable little volume on Japan a somewhat larger space than we generally accord to works reprinted from serial publications.

In the first place, it may be observed that to Captain Osborn was vouchsafed a remarkably advantageous opportunity for becoming acquainted with the subjects of which he has written. As commander of H.M.S. *Furious*, which first took part in the China war, and afterwards conveyed Lord Elgin to Japan, no one could have better means of knowing all about that expedition; and after a perusal of these few pages it will not require much discrimination to perceive that he has evidently neglected none of them.

The squadron—consisting of the steam-frigate *Retribution*, 28 guns, Capt. C. Barker; the steam-frigate *Furious*, 16 guns, Capt. Osborn (with the ambassador and suite on board); the gun-boat *Lee*, Lieut. Graham; and the yacht *Emperor*, Lieut. Ward—set out from Shanghai at the end of July of last year, and soon steamed across the "valley of deep water," 450 miles long, which separates China from Japan. On the afternoon of the 2d of August they reached the outports of the empire—rocky islets called Miaco-Sima, or "Asses' Ears," from their similitude to that remarkable feature of the patient animal. Brushing by the guard-boats that attempted to intercept their approach with as much unconcern as if they did not see them, the expedition was soon anchored off Nangasaki—or, as it has hitherto been generally printed in European works, Nagasaki. We pass over Captain Osborn's historical reminiscences as unnecessary for our present purpose. In a magazine article they may not, perhaps, have been out of place, but they have been too often collected and recapitulated in volumes about Japan to need more than a general reference here. Who knows not of the early colonisation of Japan, of the Roman Catholic proselytising, of the persecution and eventual destruction of the Christians, and of the means whereby the Dutch eventually secured a bare footing, not so much on the threshold as on the very scraper of the empire? Who knows not also of stout Will Adams and of his marvellous adventures in Japan? More to the purpose for the present is it to know that, although the guard-boats made much show of preventing the squadron from approaching, yet the Japanese seem to have submitted eventually with very good grace. How much of this complacency was due to the twenty-eight guns of H. M. S. *Retribution* and the sixteen guns of H. M. S. *Furious* it is not for us to say; but it is certain that Capt. Osborn throughout gives the Japanese, with scarcely a single exception, the highest character for cordiality and friendliness, contrasting them over and over again with the Chinese, whom he had just left, in terms the reverse of complimentary to the latter.

Arrived off Decima, the little artificial island to which the Dutch are confined, that somnolent people is found to be fully acting up to its character. Although it was only afternoon, all Decima was asleep, taking its siesta, and to be woke up at four. To wait for the end of a Dutchman's sleep was hardly, however, consistent with the dignity of the British Ambassador; so an officer was sent on shore "remorselessly to stir up the sleeping burghers of Decima." This, it appears, was a necessary measure; for the Dutch were necessary as interpreters, and it was only after they had been woke up that the Japanese officials were apparent. When, however, they did come, curiosity seems to have been the predominant feature of their minds:

Japanese officials, with pockets full of paper, pens, and ink, hurried off—jolly good-natured-looking fellows, always ready to laugh, and in appearance resembling more the Kanaka races of the South-Sea Islands than the Chinese we have left behind us. Their dress, in some respects, was Chinese, and their language sounding very like a mixture of the discordancy of that most discordant of languages, and the soft liquid sounds of the Kanaka tongue. But how they interrogated us!—what was the ship's name, our name, the Ambassador's titles—everybody's name and age—everybody's rank and business—what did we want—whether we were going—whence did we come—how many ships were coming—where was our admiral? Indeed, a Russian custom-house agent, or a British census paper, could not have put more astounding questions, whether in number or nature, than did these Nangasaki reporters. We were as patient as naval officers, or angels, may usually be supposed to be under such circumstances; answered all their questions—allowed them to see, touch, smell, and hear everything, except the British Ambassador, who was in his cabin—and then dismissed them with a glass of sherry and a biscuit. The captain and first lieutenant had hardly congratulated themselves that, at any rate, that portion of the pleasure of visiting Japan was over, when another boatful of reporters arrived, tumbled up the ladder, were very well behaved, but asked exactly the same questions, and went exactly through the same farce as the first party had done. They were, we learnt, duplicate reporters, whose statement served to check and correct those of the first set of inquirers. Directly they left us, a two-sworded official arrived—two swords in Japan, like two epaulettes in Europe, indicate an officer of some standing. He introduced himself through a Japanese interpreter, who spoke English remarkably well, as "a chief officer," who had an official communication to make. Would he sit down—would he be pleased to unbosom himself? Could he not see the Ambassador? Impossible! What! "a chief officer" communicate with an ambassador! We were truly horrified. The chief officer must be simply insane; did he couple the representative of the majesty of Great Britain with some superintendent of trade? The chief officer apologised; he was very properly shocked at the proposition that he had made; he saw his error, and, what was more to our purpose, the Ambassador assumed a size and importance in his eyes which it would have been difficult to have realised. The "chief officer" then put his questions: Did Lord Elgin intend to call upon the Governor of Nangasaki? No; he had not time to do so. Did he expect the Governor to wait upon him? The Governor could please himself—the Ambassador would receive him if he came. If the Lieutenant-Governor called on Lord Elgin, would his Excellency receive him? Yes. This was all the chief officer had to say; his mission was a special one; he begged to wish us good morning, merely adding that the Governor of

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Nangasaki hoped the Ambassador would kindly accept a small present which would shortly be sent. The present arrived shortly afterwards—a stout cobalt pig of three hundredweight, and such a quantity of pumpkins!

By a perseverance in the course thus begun, temperately and good-humouredly but firmly asserting their own dignity, the British officers, from Lord Elgin downwards, appear to have soon made progress in the good graces of the good people of Nangasaki. Pending the arrival of the permission to proceed to the capital city, Yedo, which Lord Elgin quietly insisted upon, there was much landing and looking about them in the city. Everywhere they were received with good humour, and Capt. Osborn (whom we should augur to be a very ardent admirer of the fair sex) appears to have been tremendously smitten with the charms of the Japanese damsels. Never does he omit an opportunity of complimenting them. First it is their comeliness, then their grace, then their frankness; even that liveliness of disposition which apparently leads them to dispense with much of that reticence which is inseparable from virtue in our colder climates is hinted at in lenient, if not in approving terms. One of the first things we learn about the Japanese ladies is that they do not all blacken their teeth. It is only the married ones who submit to that disgusting practice, and they, not because it is a beauty, but out of compliance with the jealousy of their husbands, who wish to disfigure them as much as possible.

Of the management and arrangement of the Japanese markets we remember to have gathered much information from Commodore Perry's account of the American expedition, and Captain Osborn supplies us with some of a very similar character. The cheapness of the goods offered for sale appears, however, to have greatly surprised the latter.

At one stall we found microscopes, telescopes, sundials, rules, scales, clocks, knives, spoons, glass, beads, trinkets, and mirrors—all of native make upon European models—and the prices were so ridiculously small, that even at the lowest estimate of the value of labour it was a puzzle how any profit could be realised upon the articles. The microscopes were very neat, and intended to be carried in the pocket; an imitation morocco case opened, and contained within it a small and not powerful lens, fixed in a metal frame at a short distance from an upright pin, on which the object for examination was to be stuck, and the entire workmanship was highly creditable. The telescopes were framed in stiff paper cases, sufficiently thick and ingeniously lacerated to resemble leather over wood. The glasses, though small, were clear; the magnifying power was not great, but it was a marvel to see such an instrument sold for a shilling! We saw another superior description of Japanese telescope, six feet long when pulled out; it was quite as powerful and as genuine as those *real Dollonds* which our naval outfitters are in the habit of procuring for credulous parents when equipping their sailor children at seaports. The price at Nangasaki is a dollar or five shillings, but at Portsmouth it is five pounds sterling. The Japanese clocks exhibited for sale were beautiful specimens of mechanism, and proved what we had heard, that the people of this country are most cunning in the fashioning of metals. One was like those table-clocks we see at home under square glass covers, all the works being open to scrutiny; it was six or eight inches high, and about as broad, and it would have been difficult to know it from one of Mr. Dent's best of a like description. The Japanese day being divided into twelve hours of unequal duration—dependent, so far as we could understand, upon the amount of daylight or darkness in each day—the dial of their clocks was therefore different from ours; in some it was changed every month, and in others the motion of the hands was regulated by an ingenious adaptation of weights and increased or decreased length of pendulum. A good clock of this description, which, from its elegance and the beautiful workmanship and chasing of the exterior, would have been an ornament anywhere, was only priced at about 8*l*.

As the permission to visit Yedo was not so quick in arriving as Lord Elgin thought quite proper and respectful, it was determined to take French leave and steam round to the capital with the same quiet insouciance with which they had already good-humouredly shouldered their way to the shore of Nangasaki; and so it was that, pursued by guard-boats which in vain endeavoured to keep up with the steam-frigates, the English Ambassador was carried up to the very bay around which lies the splendid capital of Japan. Captain Osborn's little outburst at this triumph of good humoured impudence over the prejudices of centuries is, perhaps, quite excusable.

Shade of Will Adams! at last the prayer of the earnest old sailor, that his countrymen might reap wealth and advantage from commercial relations with Japan, was about to be fulfilled! Two hundred and fifty-eight years had elapsed since he and his half-wrecked ship had lain nigh the very spot in which we were; and now his countrymen had come in earnest. They held the empire of the East, and had won the wealth of all the Indies; and the arms of England and the skill of her ambassador had thrown down all the barriers set up by China against foreign trade or intercourse. Great Britain, in those two hundred and twenty-five years which had intervened since her cessation of commerce with Japan, had carefully paved the way to the point at which it was no longer possible to tolerate the exclusiveness of an important and wealthy empire; and an English squadron and an English ambassador were now off the capital of Japan, the bearers, it is true, of a message of goodwill, but yet to show, in a way not to be mistaken, that the hour had arrived for Japan to yield to reason, or to be prepared to suffer, as the court of Peking had done, for its obstinacy.

At Yedo, as at Nangasaki, they were speedily boarded by a whole tribe of officials and interpreters, who tried all that persuasion could do to induce them to return. Finding this of no avail, mysterious hints were thrown out of the dangerous character of Yedo harbour; but when these were laughed aside, the Japanese submitted, apparently with good grace. The day after their arrival, commissioners from the Japanese Government came on board, and had an interview with Lord Elgin. As the manner of this interview gives a good insight into what may be called Japanese red-tapism, it may be quoted:

The Commissioners then had their interview with Lord Elgin, and being one in which no state secrets were to be discussed, they were allowed to take into the cabin their usual retinue of reporters. Each Commissioner had a scribe,

who upon his behalf wrote down most minutely all that was said and done during the interview; then there was a Government reporter, who wrote his version of the same story; and besides this, there was an individual who was all eyes and ears, to report verbally upon both scribes and Commissioners. After a few complimentary and commonplace preliminaries, the business they had come about began. They first wished for some particulars as to Lord Elgin, his rank, titles and office. They seemed to understand that he could be the Earl of Elgin, but where was his Lordship of Kincardine? And when their error was explained, they enjoyed the joke as much as any one. Then they wanted to induce Lord Elgin to go back to Kanagawa, and land there, as all the other ambassadors had done. To this they got a firm refusal, yet each Commissioner in succession offered some childish arguments upon that head. It appeared to us that they talked as much for the reporters as with any hope of attaining their object. After discussing some other minor points, the party adjourned to lunch, where, in conversation and in manners, the Commissioners showed themselves gentlemanly well-bred men.

Into the negotiations which led up to the treaty which Lord Elgin concluded with Japan it is no more our purpose to enter than into the merits of that treaty itself. That is a public document, and its contents must be already well known to such of our readers as are curious about the matter.

Better seems it to give a few of those graphic sketches of life and manners in Yedo which the stay of the expedition at the capital enabled Captain Osborn to take. Here, for instance, is a brilliant picture of Yedo harbour in the morning:

The morning proves as fine as we could desire; we rise at day-dawn to see the bay before the glare and haze of sunlight mar it. As the silver dawn spreads over the land and water, we see that lovely mountain, Fusi-hama, the type of the beautiful to the whole Japanese nation. She steps like a coy maiden from her veil and her robes of cloud, to gaze upon all the loveliness spread at her feet: the scene lasts but a few minutes—we would it could have been for ever—but the bold sun leaps upon the crests of the eastern hills, and Fusi-hama retires, blushing from his fierce gaze. The bay and beach are quickly alive with moving beings; hundreds of fishing-boats skim the water, pressing in with the last of the night breeze to secure an early market. The number of full-grown men in each boat attests the redundancy of the population: stout, athletic fellows they are, smooth-skinned, bronze-coloured, and beardless, but their large muscles and deep chests attest the perfection of their physique. They look at us without fear or distrust, and as they bend to their oars shout out some joke or salutation. The morning breeze is cold and damp, the sun has not dispelled the low thin mist creeping along the surface of the bay from the lowlands to the north, and we are wearing blue clothing with comfort; yet all the boatmen are naked, with the exception of a small blue waist-cloth, and another strip of material tied tight over the nose! Why do the Japanese tie up their noses? we have often asked, for one cannot but believe that there is some good reason why a naked man should voluntarily lash up his nose. Can a Japanese nose be a fractions feature? or is it that noses require to be much taken care of in Japan? or may it not be that there is some security in this precaution against inhaling malaria? We leave the question to be decided by future visitors, and content ourselves with the entry in our journal: *Mem.* In Yedo it is the custom afloat to tie up the nose, and wear but few garments.

Had it been the Thames, rather than Yedo Bay, we should have been at no loss to discover a reason for one of these peculiarities. It is not, however, too late to recommend this custom of tying up the nose to the "jolly young watermen" of Lambeth and Wapping. To continue the morning sketch, however:

Now, having breakfasted, we proceed to the landing-place. It is low water; shoals of boats and great numbers of men are at work in the shallows. Many are lading their boats with cockle-shells, scraped up from the bank, to burn into excellent lime; others are dredging for shell-fish; some are hauling the seine. Here our observations are interrupted by a spy-boat pulling alongside, and the officer coolly requesting by signs a seat in our boat. We are frank with him, and recommend him to go to the —. He smiles, shoves off, and makes a note of our brief interchange of civility. Parties of respectable citizens, oily sleek men, of a well-to-do appearance, are embarked for a day's pleasure on the water; their children are with them, and every urchin has a fishing-line overboard. We thought of Mr. Briggs—*Punch's* Mr. Briggs—at Ramsgate. In another boat a lady is seated with her children; her dress betokens that she is of the better order; her family are laughing and trying to cook at a brazier which stands in the centre of the boat, whilst she sits abaft in the most matronly manner, and points out to one of her daughters what she deems most worthy of notice in our unworthy selves, our boat, and boat's crew. The young lady, we are glad to observe, without being unladylike, showed none of that suspicious fear of the genus Man so general in the excessively modest East; which betokens even a better state of social civilisation than we had been led to expect by what we witnessed at Nangasaki. So we let the boat drift to enjoy all this, and, as a natural consequence, drift on shore close to the town. The police or spy-boat immediately works itself into a fever, and the officer is most anxious we should know where the deep water leading to our landing-place could be found. To add to the fun, all the little boys and girls of the adjoining houses turn out, and come scampering down. The police-officer is in an awful state; he urges them back, waves his fan, expostulates with them; but it is all equally useless; so long as our boat remains on the mud, so long does young Japan remain staring into her and at us. The crowd did not as an English mob of boys would have done—pelt and chaff the officer, and we therefore had reason to praise their civility.

Presently they go ashore, and there are some charming scenes of town life in Yedo. Mounting on horseback (which, owing to the uncomfortable build of the Japanese saddles, seems to be anything but a desirable mode of exercise), they soon reach a suburb, where there are peach-gardens, and where they are waited upon by damsels who extract many compliments from our susceptible Captain. Upon the costumes of the ladies Captain Osborn gives some information which may prove interesting to our fair readers:

The dress of the Japanese women is simple, but graceful. The robe which crosses the breast, close up to the neck, or a little lower according to the taste of the wearer, reaches nearly down to the ground, and has loose sleeves, leaving the wrist free. This robe is confined round the body by a shawl, which is tied behind in a bow, the ends flowing. Everything in Japan, even to dress, is regulated by law, and the sumptuary laws have been very strict until lately, when contact with Europeans appears to be bringing about a slight relaxation. The colour worn by all classes of men in their usual dress is black, or dark blue, of varied patterns; but the women very properly are allowed, and of course avail

themselves of the privilege, to wear brighter dresses. Yet their taste was so good that noisy colours were generally eschewed. Their robes were generally striped silks of grey, blue, or black; the shawl some beautiful bright colour—crimson, for instance; and their fine jet-black hair was tastefully set off, by having crimson crape, of a very beautiful texture, thrown in among it. Of course we speak of the outdoor dress of the women—their full dress within doors is, we believe, far more gay.

Ah! Captain Osborn, that "we believe" is diplomatic enough for Lord Elgin himself. But it won't do.

Back to the city by way of the suburbs, the Captain treats us to another very extraordinary feature of Japanese life:

In the suburbs, at five p.m., every one was bathing, and "cleanliness first, modesty afterwards!" seemed to be their motto. In some cases, the tubs were outside the doorways, and the family enjoyed themselves in the open air, rubbing themselves down in the steaming hot water, with cloths; others had their tubs in the room on their ground-floors, but the front of the house was perfectly open; and the manner in which the fair Eves stepped out of their baths, and ran to stare at us, holding perhaps a steaming and squalling babe before them, was a little startling.

During the time that the expedition stayed at Yedo, a sufficient house was provided for the accommodation of Lord Elgin and his suite, and as soon as the novelty of their presence had worn off they appear to have been treated with the utmost friendliness by this kindly and intelligent people. In due time the treaty was signed, and the yacht, sent as a present from her Most Gracious Majesty to her Japanese brother, was duly transferred to that potentate; upon which it may be observed that, inasmuch as that monarch is expressly forbidden by the laws of his empire from embarking on board any vessel whatever, it would be difficult to have selected a more useless and inappropriate present. Let us hope, however, that the Civil Service Examiners will take the hint, and incorporate a few questions as to Japanese matters in their Foreign Office papers.

It was on the 27th of August that the expedition, after a pleasant residence of about three weeks in Japan, weighed anchor and departed from Yedo, having achieved all that was required. Let us hope that the treaty so acquired will be the opening of such an intercourse with the Japanese as may tend to the advantage of both peoples. That they are an intelligent, hospitable, and friendly race is abundantly clear from every page of Captain Osborn's book. Prejudices which have taken centuries to accumulate are not to be got rid of in a day; but there is every reason to anticipate that, if they are wisely and temperately dealt with, the day is not far distant when we may find in the Japanese good allies and profitable friends.

A CLERICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHER.

Twenty Years in the Church: an Autobiography. By the Rev. JAMES PYCROFT, B.A., Trinity College, Oxford, Author of "Recollections of College-Days," &c. London: L. Booth, pp. 431.

THE LIVES OF CLERGYMEN in general contain, perhaps, fewer incidents than those of any other professional class. Doubtless those of the clerical profession who labour in the fever-stricken alleys and unsavoury back-streets of our large cities witness many a scene which would require few touches to make it melodramatic; but the great majority of those whose happier fortune has limited their ministrations to rural parishes will probably, even at the end of a long life, have little to relate which will arrest the attention by differing from what must be accepted as the common lot of mortality.

Nec vixit male qui natus moriensque fefellit

certainly applies in the present day with peculiar force to the country clergyman in England.

"Twenty years," says Burke somewhat magniloquently, "is a great space in the life of man. It is no inconsiderable space in the life of a great nation." Nevertheless, as we learn from Mr. Pycroft's book if we did not know it before, one may have arrived at man's estate for more than twenty years, and yet it may be that the story of his life from year to year is scarcely worth telling.

Mr. Pycroft assures us that the sketches in this book are from life, and indeed, as far as they go, they bear the stamp of reality. But, from their extreme meagreness, it would have been utterly impossible for the author to have extended them over the 430 pages of this goodly-sized volume had he not introduced very much extraneous matter into them. Accordingly we have lengthy disquisitions on home education, college friends, clerical advertisements, the Ordination Service, reading in church, servants, undertakers, &c., &c.

Quicquid agunt homines . . . nostri est farrago libelli.

The external biography of the Rev. Henry Austin may be told in a very few words. He is born, he goes to school, and thence to college, is a private tutor, is ordained, marries on nothing but love, has children, and is very poor, but ultimately becomes rich, and exits. It will be seen then that there was considerable need of extraneous materials to eke out the scanty incidents of the life of our clerical historiographer; though the author may urge that all the details in the book, even to those respecting the undertakers (who furnish Mrs. Austin with materials for her silk gowns), have some bearing on clerical life.

The author having previously given to the world a sketch of his university career in "Recollections of College Days," of which probably the publisher has some copies still left for the curious, makes in this volume short work of Oxford, and quits the subject after a warm panegyric on Oxonians in general:

But, deny it who can, if there is one class of society in England of more social purity and rectitude of feeling than another, that class comprises the mothers, God bless them! whom Oxonians, amidst all their follies, instinctively

revere. Secondly, if these good mothers have one son more promising than another, that son is the one selected for a University education; and, thirdly, if there is one city in England in which, pre-eminently, things of good report are fostered and things of evil report are counteracted, that city bears the time-honoured name of Oxford. In other towns men live to improve their fortunes; in Oxford, to improve themselves. In other towns men are judged by their money; at Oxford, by their manners and their minds.

This is precisely the way in which Mr. Pycroft all throughout this book manages to drag in as a make-weight something or other utterly alien to the subject. We are quite aware that every young man before going to Oxford—as, in these prosaic days, we have no such births as that of Minerva—must have, or have had, a mother; but we cannot grant Oxonians, however promising they may be, a monopoly of maternal affection; and though we do not yield to Mr. Pycroft in our respect for English mothers, might not something be said for aunts and grandmothers, and even, though in a colder strain, for male relatives; and would not all these details swell somewhat unseasonably the pages of this or any other book ever printed? The Dutch *savant* who published a guide-book to the Pyramids, and filled his preliminary chapters with dissertations on tulips and the smallpox, was not perhaps, after all, so much to blame. A few pages after we have a disquisition on the Ordination Service, which enables the author to introduce with effect some extracts from the Prayer-book:

Clerical newspapers now had a new interest for me. Advertisements, sacred and profane, to serve in the Lord's house or to serve in a private family, are equally a dry matter of fact, and equally ridiculous to read. We find advertised—"Cook good," "Cook plain," "Cook professed," "Cook, with kitchen-maid—can milk a cow—or wouldn't object to wash at home." But all this has a parallel in "Curate, with sole charge" (just like cook to a widower, or where there is no mistress); "Curate, views Evangelical," or views like Hooker, nearly—this nearly I always suspect to be a loophole in case of any question categorical; and sometimes we read "Curate, views moderate," or "no extreme views," which generally means extremely ready to adopt any views of any rector. Sometimes I found "Curacy, near the sea," or "where duty is light." Of course all this may provoke a sneer or a smile; but why a man worn out perhaps by a cure of five thousand souls, or why a man who is too strong-minded to take the chance of a silly rector's interference, or why a man with delicate lungs, should not severally advertise for something suitable to their respective cases, I cannot understand. Still, my friends, when you do advertise, I would ask you consider how your advertisement will sound to the vulgar, and to express your wants with care and caution, remembering the blunder of the Irish clergyman who had dropped the mere notes of his sermon—"Lost, by the Rev. Patrick O'Sullivan, his sermon, which can be of no possible use to any one but its owner." As to clerical advertisements, some few are a scandal to the Church.

We may perhaps give the following advertisement which appeared in a clerical newspaper a few weeks ago: "To Students for the Ministry.—The Pastor of a Church on a lofty and picturesque hill in Devon possesses advantages for giving a student a practical education for the Ministry. Address," &c. This clerical teacher does not seem inclined to put his light under a bushel. Perhaps difficult points of doctrine can be more easily solved in the pure and bracing air of the hill than in the dense and murky atmosphere of the valley.

Though Mr. Pycroft has devoted several pages to clerical advertisements, he scarcely touches upon that which is to us the most, or rather the only offensive part of them. We grant that, under certain circumstances, it may be allowable for a clergyman to wish to change his sphere of duty from an inland parish to the seaside, or *vice versa*. "Part of the profits of a cow," or "the use of two servant-maids," may be an inducement to a curate to accept a scanty stipend; but it appears to us a grave objection against the practice of advertising for clerical employment that the advertiser must necessarily recommend himself. To gauge in print one's exact spiritual belief; to give the length and breadth and height and depth of one's religious advancement; to boast, in one and the same sentence, of having a loud voice and a deep attachment to the Prayer-book; to profess one's self in stereotyped phrase to be "a person of decided piety," "a devoted servant of Christ," &c.—gives, to say the least, occasion to certain persons to scoff. Nor is the matter altogether amended when the advertiser gets another clergyman to certify to his qualifications, or professes to hold sentiments exactly in consonance with those (not always stable) of the periodical in which he advertises:

The following extract contains a hint for future divines:

"Yes," he said, "every bishop's chaplain has his own crotchets and his own style of questions; but who is to examine you?" I replied, "As yet I do not know who will examine me."—"Not know, indeed!" said Alton: "then how can you read up to him, if you don't know as much as his name?"—"Read up to him!" I said. "Well, this is college cramming over again."—"Certainly," he replied, "you cannot exhaust all theology; so you must study, not only your books, but your examining chaplain, and make your ideas the counterpart of his. Go West, and you must read up all about Baptismal Regeneration; go East, and you will be tried in the New Testament and Conversion; and my chaplain in the Midland Counties would be greatly prepossessed with a candidate who reflected his own views of Christian Assurance. And this reminds me of John Hawkins, who was sent back from Norwich. John used seriously to ascribe his miscarriage to the fact that his chaplain was absent on a wedding tour—of course, with the bishop's daughter; bishops' chaplains and bishops' daughters having a very general partiality for each other—and the examining substitute was a plain common-sense man, who said, 'Bible knowledge first and (what men called) doctrines afterwards;' so poor Hawkins was floored, as he said, in the very A B C of the matter."

Here is a sketch of a Cantab who, we dare say, did not make the worse clergyman for having occasionally, to use Mr. Foker's expression in "Pendennis," "tooled a drag:"

Curvant.—"Well, and his lordship said, 'I would advise as to your recreations; for (smiling) I think you used to be fond of —. Yes, I did hear of a coach upset.'—'Then, my lord,' I said, 'I couldn't stand that for a minute, 'you have heard what is not true. It was Bateman of Trinity, and not I, who upset the Monarch that time. I never in my life upset.'—'Never mind, Mr.

Current, my meaning is—' said his lordship.—' Yes, but, my lord, I do mind, and I can't help minding,' said I, 'and I should really wish the truth—' 'Well, well,' interrupted the bishop, 'at all events you used to drive coaches, and I can readily believe you drove very well, for, what is more to the present purpose, you had no little practice, I have understood, and—' 'He had you there, Harry,' said Bayford.—' And now we must study appearances; indeed, appearances are all short-sighted men can judge us by, and there must be nothing seen in us at all ludicrous in the week to mar the holy associations of the Sunday.'

And so Mr. Austin is ordained, and we have got through half of this rambling, discursive book, which literally treats "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis." Mr. Austin finds himself very lonely in his bachelor lodging; his landlady is "a scraggy cantankerous woman" whom our cleric christens "the bones of contention;" and she appears to have pretty impartially divided her peevishness between him and a parish 'prentice girl, yclept Polly Gutter. As Mr. Austin goes somewhat out of his way to assure us that the expression "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is not to be found in Scripture as many suppose, but is due to Sterne, we may perhaps add that Sterne borrowed it from George Herbert, who in his turn translated it from the French of Henry Estienne. Here is a *confessio amantis*:

No man wants a wife as badly as a parson. The celibacy of the clergy is an absurdity, indeed. It is in vain to keep ladies out of a man's house unless you also keep them out of his head. For, all from want of one actual spouse, my mind was a complete thoroughfare for charming creatures of all forms and figures whom a yearning imagination bodied forth. St. Paul, our great example, had no wife, it is true. But I was not a St. Paul.

And here we must beg leave to demur to the logic of our curate in love. Premising that Miss Ellen Horley was not encumbered with too much pelf, we can scarcely believe that a lover could with such Cocker-like accuracy cast up the sum-total of the pros and cons in the article of matrimony. We will vouch for it, that the freckles on Miss Ellen's face did not, in the heyday of love-making, appear mere terrestrial fleshy freckles, but rather love-marks from the mint of the goddess of beauty. And as for the wooer who can assure us that he is deeply in love, and can yet object to the redness of his innamorata's nose, or to the paleness of her cheeks, who does not think her to be alike beautiful in frost and summer heat, in fair weather and foul, we can only say that he is quite an abnormal specimen of mankind, and not an improvement upon the ordinary human biped. Otherwise there would be very little marrying and giving in marriage in this world. Corinna would discover that her curate, with his lovely white neckcloth and ambrosial locks, was but a sleek insipid animal after all, who knew very little about theology, and less about anything else, and who was subject to the same infirmities that ordinary mortals are; and Corydon, on his side, would do anything but marry his Corinna. It was not the penniless curate of Yatton who two months before his love-marriage so keenly criticised the good and bad points of his intended bride, but rather the wealthy rector of Elkerton, twenty years after.

Here is a Gordian knot, which is cut by the sexton and not by the curate:

This he [the sexton] said standing by an open grave, and using no little eloquence to persuade Farmer Woollen that the grave opened for Betsey Small was the Smalls', and nothing near the Woollens' grave. This Woollen denied, and stoutly maintained that his father's bones were those thus ruthlessly disturbed. He even handled a thigh-bone with much filial indignation, and though the said bone might have belonged to any other body, still, as they say "seeing is believing," it carried weight with the crowd. How was I to settle the dispute? To tell the truth, I knit my brows with concentrated essence of thought as I approached the grave, ambitious, by remarking sex of skeleton, or apparent age, or time of burial, to show the superior wisdom of the Church. But all in vain. Nothing could I make out of it, still less stop the quarrel. Words waxed warmer. The farmer laid down the law with his supposed paternal thigh-bone, and Simon found that numbers were taking part against him. For anything so demonstrative as this bone seemed he sought in vain on his side. At last Simon was well-nigh condemned to fill up the Woollen grave, to replace the scattered bones, and hide his diminished head as a false pretender to all mortuary lore, when all of a sudden a bright thought flashed from beneath Simon's beetling brows.—'I'll soon tell ye,' he cried out, 'I'll show ye, every mother's son of ye—a set of gaping, stupid, nasty, make-believe chaps, to think to talk to such as me!' he said, groping among the mould at every epithet.—'But, I say, I'll let ye see. There!' holding up a bit of the coffin, 'what d'ye call that? Oak—oak—Farmer Woollen! this be oak!'—Still, I could not see the logic of the matter.—'Yes, oak! Now your father was buried by the parish,' he said, with a sarcastic thump in the ribs, 'and we all know they don't give oak. This ain't no grave o' yourn.'—This turned the tide of popular opinion in a moment. Farmer Woollen was crest-fallen and Simon was triumphant, and so happy in the victory that I had some trouble to make him go home and take care of himself.

If we are somewhat rambling in our criticism of this volume, the fault is not ours, but the writer's. What are we to do when in one page our sympathies are enlisted on behalf of Mrs. Austin in her squabbles with her aunt and her servants; while in the next we have an elaborate comparison between the High and Low Church parties? We are carried about in these pages with the swiftness of an express-train from a lamentation over undertakers' trickery to a panegyric on a strong-headed bishop; from the cares of an increasing family and an unendowed church, wherein we hear how the young Austins wear out their small-clothes and the sexton his mops and brooms, to hints on preaching effectively and managing a parish choir. These descriptions, though they are not very amusing, contain, doubtless, a substratum of reality. They teach us what our poorer clergy have too frequently to struggle with, in addition to the care of a parish often too great for any one person. They remind us of what was said not long ago by one of the most popular writers of the day, that the clerical profession is the only one which does not at the present time neces-

sarily ensure a hard-working man of ability and education an adequate livelihood. One would almost suppose occasionally that certain persons imagined that a clergyman was not "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as other people are."

Young clergymen may probably learn something from these pages; there are some good hints given in them as to preaching, reading, and parish visiting, and though the diary of Mr. Austin is not so stirring as that of the Suffolk clergyman who, previously to entering the clerical profession, was in turns a gipsy, sailor, soldier, and surgeon, it presents a much better picture of the ordinary life of a parish clergyman. Mr. Austin shows us pretty clearly that a clergyman's best assistants are generally to be found in the other sex. Indeed, men have so monopolised the good things of this world, that they appear not unwilling to leave those of the next to their wives and daughters; and even the devotion minus the divinity of these latter is a very great improvement on the divinity minus devotion which is too often to be found in the lords of the creation.

THE GOVERNING CLASSES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Political Portraits. By EDWARD M. WHITTY. A New Edition, with Additions. London: Henry Lea. pp. 288.

MANY OF OUR READERS may possibly remember these "Political Portraits" when they first appeared in the *Leader* some years ago, and others may not have forgotten them what time they were collected into a volume shortly afterwards. In both forms they attracted a great deal of public attention at the time, and even drew from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—an organ of French opinion which is not prone to set too high a value upon English productions—the compliment of a special and eulogistic notice. There may perhaps be much in Mr. Whitty's gallery of "Portraits," beyond the undoubted skill with which they are drawn, to account for this high estimation of them by the writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The constant depreciation of English constitutional principles and of English institutions which unhappily runs through Mr. Whitty's writings has probably in it something very delightful to one of that restless nation which, never having yet discovered the medium between Liberty and Licence, looks with envy upon a constitution which assures the proper amount of liberty to all classes because it allows of an excess of it to none. But our appreciation must be a different one: giving its due meed of admiration to the vigour of Mr. Whitty's imagination and to the frequent originality and justice of his thoughts, we can neither consent to hold the British aristocracy as in any manner resembling the Venetian oligarchy, nor join in the sneer which Mr. Whitty more than implies when he sarcastically speaks of the English as "a self-governed nation."

The most obvious defect in Mr. Whitty is that he clearly betrays himself to be a totally uneducated man. We mention this as a fault and not as a reproach, for it is a deficiency for which others are answerable rather than himself; and we can look with equal leniency and pity upon the mistake which can lead a man so naturally gifted to believe that any amount of talent can compensate for the want of mental discipline and training. Properly educated, such talents as Mr. Whitty's would have made him the ornament of any class and any calling, and would certainly have enabled him to do something better for the world than the production of these brilliant and dangerous fireworks. Heavy indeed must be the responsibility of those who, trusted as it were by Providence with the guidance of so remarkable a mind, have suffered it to run its wild and extravagant course until it has met with a lot worse than that of Phaëton.

Perhaps the worst symptom about Mr. Whitty's want of culture is the manner in which he affects to despise it in others. In narrating the career of Lord Stanley he says:

A public school and university education had, of course, incapacitated him for comprehending anything of current human affairs; and it is to his credit that the moment the mysterious custom of his caste, which compels several years' residence in one or two of the most vicious towns in the empire, had been duly complied with, and that he discovered his alarming ignorance, he immediately began his own culture, unlearning as much as possible in the first place. In a young gentleman of twenty-two it was a bold course to proclaim that, having "finished" his "education," he was quite unfit for English life until he had seen America, India, and the West Indies, and gone through the sugar and cotton questions. How is it that, with all our experience of the ruinous effects of schools upon the mind, "education" is perpetually proffered as the only proper test of man's fitness for the possession of political privilege? The educated classes are notoriously the most ignorant, politically. No body of working men would commit such errors in political economy and historical deduction as a body of either of the Universities when they have to deal with a contemporary political question. The educated classes are eternally opposed to reforms of all sorts; the educated classes supply our statesmen; and the careers of all our statesmen are careers of contradictions and inconsistencies. The educated classes fill our House of Commons; and our House of Commons cheers courageously all the current drivels and all the established delusions of exploded political philosophy, until the manufacturers and the mobs carry their uneducated convictions. We are asked to confer a special franchise and special representation on our "learned" bodies; and we are to hope that such contrivances would, in election times, rush to the philosophers (on finding their addresses) as the members of their choice. But what sort of men do the learned bodies prefer now? Is the intellect of Sir Robert Inglis the measure of the advance of British civilisation? Is Mr. Goulburn the sage of the day?

Is it possible to conceive the idea of a man, possessed of any faculty of judgment at all, writing such utter nonsense as this? That Mr. Whitty himself entirely disbelieved in it may be proved over and over

again out of the very volume. Elsewhere he has said that "the greatest successes," whether in literature or anything else, have been achieved by gentlemen, or men of blood; and what is that but tantamount to confessing the fact that educated men take the lead in the world. If Mr. Whitty had said that *the most educated men* do not lead, no doubt he would have been right; for education, though a good basis, must have a superstructure of firmness, judgment, energy, and the thousand other qualities that go to make up eminence; and perhaps a more severe and, at the same time, a truer word was never spoken to a conceited and over-educated man than when the Duke of Wellington said to a noble peer—himself one of the subjects of Mr. Whitty's "Portraits,"—"By God! my Lord, you have been educated beyond your mind."

One of the capital errors which Mr. Whitty commits lies in assuming that because a large amount of political power is conceded to a certain class—or, if he would prefer the term, clique—of politicians, therefore the nation is not "a self-governed" people, but has virtually abnegated all real liberty. It has apparently never occurred to Mr. Whitty's mind as possible that this concession is a purely voluntary one; that the English, being a thoroughly practical people, and deeply impressed with the advantage of doing one thing at a time and doing that well, have of their own free will consented to allow a certain class of persons, who have wealth and leisure for the task, to undertake the business of government, whilst they, the great nation at large, attend to their business—their manufactures, their agriculture, and the like. That this is so, is a truth so patent and so easy to be understood, that we are utterly at a loss to comprehend how it could have escaped such a vision as Mr. Whitty's. To recognise that the English people can, when need be, set that governing class right about the matter, and disabuse it of the fallacy that it has an unchecked power in its hands, we need go no further back than the Reform Bill, and, nearer still, the repeal of the Corn Laws, on each of which occasions the sympathies and prejudices, if not the interests, of those whom Mr. Whitty calls "the governing classes" were banded against the people.

Out of the twenty-eight persons whose portraits are in this gallery Mr. Whitty has but three heroes, and the selection is rather an eccentric one. One would scarcely have expected that a writer of such manifestly Liberal tendencies should have undertaken the laudation of Lord Stanley, Sir Hugh Cairns, and—*credat Judeus*!—the Prince Consort; yet these are the only three personages for whom he can find an unmitigated good word. Of the Prince, after starting with the curious paradox that "it is a great advantage to an English politician not to be an Englishman," he declares the influence of the Prince, as "a directing statesman in Great Britain," to be invaluable. To such small matters as "Park sewers" and "taxing Bermondsey" the talents of our English statesmen are quite equal; but let us thank Heaven that we have an enlightened Prince, "with a policy," and that "a Coburg policy," to whisper into the ear of the Queen. We fancy that Lord Palmerston would smile grimly if he ever happened to stumble across this opinion.

That the late Solicitor-General of Lord Derby's Government is an able and pushing lawyer, of fine manners and gentlemanly address, and who is able to make a capital speech from his brief, there is no denying; but what there should be in him to charm the heart of the ex-editor of an intensely Liberal newspaper we are quite at a loss to conceive. The love for Lord Stanley (who, albeit in the Tory ranks, does occasionally don Liberal, if not Radical garments) is more intelligible; yet we can see nothing in that plodding and painstaking young gentleman to make us agree with Mr. Whitty in believing that "in a few years Lord Stanley, with the impetus and prestige derived from his rank, will overtake Mr. Disraeli, as Charles Fox overtook Mr. Burke."

That Mr. Whitty's political foresight is not always of the clearest is evident enough *passim*. In 1854 he wrote of Lord Derby: "We may consider the career of this remarkable man with the impartiality of posterity, for as a politician he is apparently defunct." Yet the following sketch of "the Rupert of debate" is decidedly not bad:

Smart, clever, dashing, daring, he always was; and there is no use in saying he was not more, for he never pretended to be more; and if his order and the Conservative classes plunged at him and made him Premier, greedy to get hold of the only great Earl known in the memory of living man, why, he was the person in the realm the most astonished; and if he made a mess of it, as he knew he would, who was to blame—you or he? He must have been immensely delighted at the joke of sending him, a breezy young fellow of thirty, to govern Ireland, the most ungovernable of countries; but if Parliament and nation did not see the indecency of it, why should he not enjoy the joke—and go? He did go, and passed a very busy, funny time; and if he set north and south by the ears, and drove O'Connell into chronic insurrection, why, that was Parliament's business—not his. When Lord John asked him to govern the Colonial Empire, a year or two after, he accepted the office with a chuckle; it was a joke for a man who had never been out of England, except to Ireland, and who may have got his history, as Charles Fox did, in Shakespeare's plays, to be asked to organise the most complicated colonial system in the world; and if he very nearly destroyed the Colonial Empire, why, how absurd to impeach him—who asked him? Does not know where Tambov is! Well, did he ever pretend to know where Tambov is? Did he ever set up in the Colonial office to know anything? Did he ever presume to be wiser than the clerks? Did he ever contradict King Stephens in his life? Of course he never did. There was never any concealment or sham about him. He found he was born into a seat in the Commons, and then into the Lords, just as he was born into Knowsley and a third of Liverpool; and he always said he did not see why he should not amuse himself in governing—it was as good fun as racing—and, besides, he could do both, as he always has done, at the same time—running losing horses in both. He hated work, as he told everybody; he would fight in the House as long as they

liked, and whom they liked; it was all the same to him; but drudge, as he always said, he would not; and if they chose to give him office, why, they must look out for a deuce of a mess, and there always was a deuce of a mess. He liked office, of course; it enabled him to provide for friends and relatives; it added to the social distinction; and it must be pleasant on a deathbed to recall that one has been Secretary of State and Lord of the Treasury. Besides, it enhanced the jest of the history which he was requested to act. The race is more exciting when you have something to lose; and taking office was with Lord Derby regarded as a sort of bet with the Opposition.

The following portrait of Mr. Disraeli appears to us also to be an admirable sketch:

It would be imbecility to infer from an analysis of Mr. Disraeli the politician that he has other than the noblest desires for the happiness of the people he lives among. Napoleon was purely Italian; France might have been large enough for a mere Frenchman, but he doubtless served the French as well as he, an unprejudiced man, thought that they deserved. Mr. Disraeli, born in England, has the highest ancestry; he inherits, as a man of intellect, an admiration and appreciation of the great men who have made England and swayed and taught the English. The Britannia-*rules-the-waves* point of view you cannot expect him to take; the Roast Beef of Old England it is not fair to ask him to sing ever, or eat more than once a month; and from among his convictions he is quite entitled to exclude the touching faith that any one Briton can lick three Frenchmen. Every new language, it has been said, makes you so much more a man; and, in that way, it is surely clear the intellectual range is widened with your geographical affinities. Are there not, or were there not, many parties among us; and is it not well to treasure a gentleman who sees where each is in error? Is not our Parliament often blundering? How happy are we, that one member is never interested, and therefore never regrets, and never loses his temper. The English felt through their history the inconvenience of the want of fealty of those Norman barons who, having settled in Ireland, embraced the Celtic cause, became saturated with the Celtic genius, and ended in being *ipsis Hibernis hiberniores*. What would be the use of Mr. Disraeli if he became a mere right honourable gentleman? If the skeleton at the feast had hobbled with the Egyptians, would the institution have been popular? His success originates in the fact that he has been a perpetual teacher to us, in our impatient current politics, by always taking the grand historical look at our affairs, as they pass him. England to him is an historical problem, beginning with William the Conqueror, and still in action. He sees us in an entirety, with serene curiosity, and the nineteenth century does not exclusively engross him; he has his eye on 1588 too. Perhaps, indeed, he thinks this is the flimsiest dawdled bit in the unfolding panorama. He but condescends to our commonplace. It is easy to see that Mr. Disraeli would like to go down to the House in a velvet coat, with a sword at his side, and ruffles on his wrist. He would wish for picturesque debates; the "noble Lord in the blue ribbon" to talk at; the First Lord of the Treasury occasionally intoxicated; and a duel at intervals as he walked across the park in the dawning morning to Grosvenor-gate. It is with an effort he crushes his impulses down to the dead level of decorous mediocrity. If he dared, he could write a great chapter to show that English freedom arose, and English liberty was born, in eras when honourable gentlemen exchanged passes behind Montague House, and played all night and drank in the morning to sober themselves. As it is, he prefers being clean and steady at Committee at 11, and confining himself to a *bon mot*, by way of revenge, and an early hot supper by way of dissipation. Would you ask him to introduce the American Congress version of what he wants? But it is very observable that Mr. Disraeli has infused a great deal of the cavalier spirit into the young Conservative party, and who could object to the prettiness of young England? That, however, was only a passing fancy costume of his own mind. He is a Clarendon, not a Prince Rupert. He is a Mazarin, much more than a Richelieu. He may admit Bolingbroke's appearance, but would like Harley's ways. How he has stuck to Parliament! He avoids orations, demonstrations, agitations. You do not hear of him at social science gatherings. He is not bent on reformatory. He does not think, as he gets up in the morning, of instantaneously regenerating the working classes. In the ardent sentimentalisms which are to save society he has no hand. It is probably his opinion that the Peace Party consists of amiable lunatics—there is no precedent for such a party, in party handling. England, it has doubtless occurred to him, gets on without temperance associations, and he is just the man to urge that if the people's drink was not so much adulterated by the middle classes they would not be so ill after their debauches. The other day a paragraph appeared in favour of the "teetotal cause," stating that at the Peace Congress at Frankfurt, most of the members being teetotalers, the landlord at the hotel at which they dined was bewildered out of his ordinary calculations for his average guests, by noticing the extraordinary consumption of puddings. This was not the diet of the mailed barons who beat our charters into shape with their fists, and Mr. Disraeli will be in the humour some day to tell Manchester so.

One more sketch—that of Lord Palmerston:

The late Dr. Maginn, writing of the mythically old Mr. Rogers, said that, "after passing the first eighty or ninety years of his age in the usual dissipations of youth, he began to bethink him of a profession;" and in the same way the biographer of Lord Palmerston has to mention that the illustrious career commenced when his lordship was attaining half a hundred years. Some men only begin to be great with the gout, as if it only occurred to them to look after immortality as they feel the approach of death. Indeed, as the animals and plants which grow slowest attain the greatest age, so an Admiral Blake may be more eminent than a Don John of Austria, and Lord Palmerston may be a greater man than Mr. Pitt. Nations, we are told by writers who do not believe in opinion, and therefore appeal to poetry, should rely upon their youth; but nations do not, they open Casinos for their youth; and so sceptical are mankind of that precocity which is wise at second-hand, that not one in a million ever gets his chance before he is forty. Lord Palmerston, a peer at eighteen, was in the House before he was in a beard; but the silence of twenty years intimated his profound conviction that the Romans were right in admitting to the senate only those who had attained to the dignity of forty years; and, in fact, he was only politically of age when, repudiating his guardians, the Tories, he discovered (in 1830) that "life" was only to be seen with the Whigs. Among the Whigs he has lived recklessly and gaily; and at this moment we encounter him, his hot blood tamed, returning to the connections he forsook, and acknowledging that Conservative morality which he once, when the Duke was meddlesome at the War Office, so fervently despised. That Lord Palmerston has had his wild oats is very certain; and, as wild oats should always be green, it is perhaps to be regretted that his wisdom was all in his salad days, and his folly all in the sere. But he selected silence as his talent when other men are most talkative; was for twenty years (from 1809 to 1828) a mere official subordinate; and we can only criticise him from the moment when he commenced to perform. If, indeed, we were to study the official, as well as the statesman, we should find material for sustained astonishment. He was the Secretary at War who signed

warrants for the conveyance of Napoleon I. to St. Helena, and he was the Secretary of State who offended his Sovereign by recognising that Napoleon III. had commenced to reign. He was about nineteen years in office under the Tories; and about sixteen years in office under the Whigs. As Tadpole would say, he is a wonderful man—he has had the longest innings on record—and he is wonderful, not for his batting, but for his baulk. And as Lord John Russell says in his "Fox," of another Whig, the retention of office is attributable, not to the desire for its emoluments, but to a "love for its activity." His offices assuredly have been no sinecures; and that, whatever the office, Lord Palmerston would be officious, is evinced in the circumstance that, when they put him into the quiet Home Department, he insisted upon dealing with Providence as a Foreign Power. He was Secretary at War in war time; and his sixteen years of foreign secretaryship were sixteen years of attempts to break the peace. He has a passion for work; and he has indulged it without as yet any of the ordinary dismal results of obeying nature. There is age in the hair, the limbs, and the voice; but this is physical decay only; the intellect is unconscious of decline; the sword is not less sharp that it gradually cuts through the scabbard. If the Duke of Wellington was a marvel at eighty, Lord Palmerston, at seventy, is a miracle. And he is happy in the foils supplied by the *fadeurs* of some of his present colleagues.

In all this there is much truth mingled with a great deal more of untruth, or perhaps it is better to say mistake. And so throughout the whole of these portraits. Yet occasionally Mr. Whitty can emit a gleam of such bright wit, a peep into such a luminousness of thought, that one wonders how such a man could ever fall into such mistakes. For instance, when he speaks of the political influence of caricature, he lets out a secret which the deepest politicians have treasured up, and which the weakest tools have been used to make effective. Again, when he scornfully points out to Liberal journalists that writing down the Crown is not exactly the way to support the popular cause against the aristocracy. To sum up, indeed, this little book is like one of the diamond mines of Golconda; here and there a priceless gem, imbedded in an infinity of rubbish.

AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHS.

American Photographs. By JANE M. E. TURNBULL and MARION TURNBULL. 2 vols. London: T. C. Newby. 1859.

IF WE INHABITANTS OF THE BRITISH ISLES are not thoroughly well-up in all knowledge that appertains to America, the fault must surely be our own, and not that of the innumerable compatriots who delight to travel on the Western Continent, and to subsequently publish their travels for our special edification. Within the last two months at least four separate works have been issued from the press, all devoted to enlightening us as to the manners and customs of modern America, and not all the productions of persons whose knowledge of that great country has been acquired during a hasty visit extending over a few months or even weeks.

The Miss Turnbells—to whom the joint authorship of the volumes before us are due—inform us that they travelled upwards of 26,000 miles by land and water since they left their native land five years and a half ago. To have accomplished such a feat, even in these days of steam, is something of which two delicately-nurtured ladies may reasonably be proud; and to have refrained from publishing a narrative of such lengthy viatorial experiences would have argued a reticence unknown to most travellers, male or female, in the nineteenth century.

We have no wish to speak unkindly of these volumes—indeed, comparing them with similar books of travel, there is no reason whatever that we should do so; but yet we are not satisfied with them, any more than with the class of travels of which they may be considered representatives.

We know already a great deal too much about sea-sickness and the Broadway. We have seen a hundred times (in print) the falls of Trenton and Niagara. We are up in everything relating to the Pilgrim Fathers and the Shakers. We could describe with the exactness of an eye-witness the bathing at Newport and the ice-cutting at Fresh Pond. Our tears have long ceased to flow over heart-rending accounts of slave sales and the ravages of yellow fever at New Orleans; and as for the Dismal Swamp, we could picture it to ourselves a good deal better than we could the present state of Battersea Park. In fact, we want something new, which we cannot find in these volumes. We want something more than a description of the old used-up routes with which we are already so familiar; something else than the aqueducts, viaducts, locks, and waterfalls of the Mohawk river and Erie canal, or than the swampy banks, the snags, sawyers, and sand-bars of the Mississippi. We want a traveller who will exclude from his note-book all descriptions of these sights and scenes, and tell us something of rural life in America. We will willingly exchange the company of the Broadway dandy for that of the sturdy backwoodsman, and the silks and crinolines of Saratoga belles for the cotton and flannel of the rustic matron.

In making our complaint, however, be it remembered that we are not making it specially, or indeed at all, against the authoresses of the volumes before us. We do not expect the ladies to do what the gentlemen have not done. But we would just give a hint to some of our male travellers, who seem to imagine that they can best study the habits and customs of our Transatlantic cousins by eating oysters and drinking sherry cobbler to repletion at New York, that the book-reading public are now beginning to get somewhat fatigued with the *crambe repetita* of sight-seers, who are too lazy or too little adventurous to leave those beaten tracks which have already been traversed and travestied in print *usque ad nauseam*.

Thus much we give in the way of a preface and admonition to future travel-writers, and now let us turn to the volumes before us.

Notwithstanding that the Miss Turnbells and their relatives made their voyage in mid-winter, they had no reason to complain of winds and weather. Ten days and a half transferred them from the snows of England to those of New York; on entering which city they were saluted by a man proclaiming "fire" through a trumpet, followed by troops of firemen dragging engines and ringing bells. New York itself is described in these volumes with the accuracy of a guide-book; we have the exact measurement of Castle William, the Exchange, City Hall, Custom House, Prison, &c., given; all which information is perfectly unexceptionable, had not half-a-dozen guide-books been previously in existence. These accurate descriptions remind us of the undergraduate who, with commendable regularity if not invention, transcribed from time to time a leaf of an Oxford guide-book for the benefit of a fond mother in the country. Our travellers were not long in discovering that they must add not a few words to their vocabulary, if they wished to understand Americans and be understood by them. One of them accompanies an American lady on a shopping excursion:

"The first thing she asked for was to see some 'bed spreads.' 'What did you ask for?' I said. 'Bed spreads.' Not liking to ask again what she meant, I quietly waited till they were produced, and they turned out to be counterpanes. A white 'sun shade' was the next article—that was a parasol. My curiosity was again excited by her asking for 'paper cambric,' and twelve yards of 'cotton batting.' I began to despair of ever being able to make myself intelligibly understood in the shopping line. These latter articles were common glazed muslin, and wadding, which is sold by the yard instead of sheets, a great convenience. Our next visit was to Ball and Black, the great jewellers, to look at some brooches, bracelets, and rings, when, to my astonishment, she asked for 'breast pins,' 'wristlets,' and 'finger rings.' We now went into Thompson's to have luncheon. She asked me what I liked best; but, thinking that perhaps the eatables might be called by names I knew nothing about, I inquired of her what was best, to which she replied, 'Let me order what I think will suit you.' Her orders were as follows: 'Waiter, will you bring stews with crackers, soft-shell crabs, squash owl, with Irish potatoes and fixings—and waiter, don't forget some cold slaw, and squash pie.' It was with the greatest curiosity that I waited the appearance of viands with such outlandish names, and it was not long before the waiter appeared with our wonderful luncheon."

The ladies are loud in their praises of American hotels, as compared with those in England. Notwithstanding the hotel question which called forth such an amount of virtuous indignation a few years ago in this country, we are of opinion that scarcely an improvement has been made in our English hotels. Perhaps the *Times*, now that its columns are relieved from Parliamentary intelligence, will reopen the question, and again hold up peccant innkeepers to public reprobation. The Miss Turnbells calculate that five dollars in an American hotel go quite as far as 17. 18s. 6d. in a British caravanserai; and, taking the very extensive bills of fare which we have in these volumes as data, we may add that the ladies appear to us to make good their calculation.

At Niagara the travellers change their dress in order to see the falls:

In a few minutes, first one crept out, and then another, into the waiting-room, feeling rather queer, and wondering if all the party were attired in the same extraordinary manner, and were evidently consoled when they saw others in the same plight; and at last we all laughed most heartily at each other. Fancy the ladies *à la bloomer*, with red flannel trousers, a yellow oil-skin tunic, coarse blue worsted stockings, and such shoes, with high hobnails in them! Gentlemen, a complete dress of yellow oil-skin. The black guide now brought each person a tarpaulin cap like a coal-heaver's, with a large flap to keep the water from running down the back of the neck. One of the ladies looked most disconsolate at this last article of attire; but after holding it in her hand a few minutes, a smile appeared on her countenance, and she took out her pocket-handkerchief, and deliberately put it over her head before crowning it with the hat. This arrangement was considered a great improvement, and was universally adopted. When we were all ready, John Bull's dislike to be laughed at came into full play; no one would move, for we had to walk some little distance, and then cross the road. At last we persuaded one of the party to peep out and see if the coast was clear. We could see the negro guide through the door, grinning and showing his white teeth; we then heard him say, pointing at us on the sly, "Lookee dar! dis chile b'lieve tha white folks am 'traid.'" This would never do, so off we started helter-skelter, as fast as we could, to the stairs that led down to the path, and to our great delight, we reached this point without being seen.

A lady—not however belonging to our traveller's party—had a very narrow escape from being drowned, as she fainted when in a very critical position, and was with the greatest difficulty saved, in consequence of the narrowness of the path on which she stood. We shall spare our readers a repetition of the description of the falls themselves.

An excursion into Canada enables our authoresses to give a sketch of Canadian history for about the last two hundred years, correct and interesting enough no doubt, but scarcely, we think, appropriate to these pages.

We took a delightful drive round the mountain—over one of the best roads we had travelled on for a long time. Papa told us a story of a party who were taking a similar up-hill drive. The driver was an Irishman, and when they came to a very steep part of the mountain he stopped his horses, jumped down, gave a most knowing look, opened the door of the carriage, and then banged it to with great violence. On their inquiring the reason of this strange performance, he answered—"Why, plaze your honours, shure and it's to make the bastes believe you're walking up the hill."

We can assure our authoresses that we are not grumbling when we say that the delightful *naïveté* with which they tell Papa's story quite reconciles us to its being an extract from the pages of a writer usually known by the name of "Joe Miller."

Four gentlemen connected with the Miss Turnbells' party seem to have had a capital month's sport in the neighbourhood of Lake George. Anglers who have flogged the streams of Scotland, Ireland, and even Norway, will envy the two fishermen who caught a hundred pounds' weight of fine trout, some of them weighing seven pounds each, in two hours.

Our travellers witnessed the celebration of "the seventy-ninth anniversary of the national independence of the United States" at Boston, and give us the programme of the proceedings, which extends over thirteen pages of small print.

We know how sea-sickness blanches for a time the beauties of the fairest dame, converting the ruddy cheek into a dingy yellow, and making ladies—and gentlemen too—somewhat regardless of sublunary proprieties. Here is a young lady transformed for the nonce by that fell demon into an impudent young man:

Next morning the storm had abated and we went on deck, leaving the young lady reclining on the sofa, with her hair all pushed back. A lady came up to one of us and said in rather a mysterious manner, pointing at the young lady through the open hatch, "I cannot imagine why that young man, in his elaborately frogged dressing-gown, lies there at his ease in the ladies' cabin. It is very disagreeable; I wish he would go into his own state-room. What an impudent young man, and how he stares at the ladies!" Much to her amusement and our own, we informed her that the young man was a young lady, and our sister; and to this day we often laugh with her about the mistake she made.

What will home-keeping people say to a gentleman's being awakened at five o'clock in the morning at a wayside hotel in order to resign his sheets, that they may form a tablecloth for the matutinal meal? The gentleman in question gave them up with considerable philosophy, wisely arguing that, so far as he was concerned, his own sheets were preferable as a tablecloth to those of his neighbours.

Have any of our readers ever heard before of the "joggling board?" for we confess we have not. Is it an "institution" peculiar to the inhabitants of Charleston?

The first ball we attended we were very much astonished, after the second dance was finished, by our partners saying, "Don't you think, as it is very warm, it would be advisable to take a turn on the joggling board?" "The what?" we exclaimed! "The joggling board," they replied. Not wishing to appear quite ignorant, we replied in the affirmative, and out we went on the Piazza, where we saw ladies and gentlemen in full dress, sitting in a row, bobbing up and down in the most extraordinary manner possible on a very long wooden plank, each end of which was passed through a slit near the tops of two upright pieces of wood, and secured from slipping through by a cross piece. This, we at once divined, was the "joggling board," and we were correct, for we were invited to "joggle," which invitation we positively declined, as we could not entertain the idea of sitting on a plank and bobbing up and down. We therefore left the jogglers, and returned to the ball-room; but, alas! before the conclusion of the evening, some English ladies and gentlemen were seen bobbing away on the said joggling board as vigorously as any Southerner. Who the Britishers were we leave to the imagination of our readers.

In the second volume we have an interesting account of an expedition through the Great Dismal Swamp, that supposed haunt of runaway slaves, alligators, snakes, &c. Our travellers, however, do not seem to have encountered any dangers, though in the stagnant pools of dark red water they had occasional glimpses of moccasin snakes, terrapins, and water serpents. These sombre haunts, arched in with interlacing branches of cypress and gum trees and wild vines, must be a very Paradise of sweets to the botanist. A vast number of scarce aquatic plants are to be found in these swamps; more familiar friends, too, are to be seen in the juniper, laurel, bay, and wild briar, while hydrangeas, yellow jessamines, and myrtles perfume the air.

Our travellers give us a recipe for imitating the nasal twang of American speakers—a recipe which is perhaps more curious than valuable.

In parting we must say a word for the delicacy which has prevented these ladies from introducing into their volumes the names of those gentlemen and ladies who have shown them acts of kindness in America. It is of course far better, if names must be given, to give them when persons are courteous and hospitable rather than when they do not possess such good qualities; but surely in a civilised country like America it cannot be necessary (as is so often done in modern books of travel) to hand down to posterity the names of such inhabitants as have courteously attended to letters of introduction, and have not refused to their bearers tea and toast, Catawba wine, and beds. If we waste our words of praise in panegyricising such commonplace and, we hope, common acts of kindness, we shall want them when we have to speak of something which really deserves praise.

The Miss Turnbells have set a good example in showing such tasteful reticence, which adds, we think, considerably to the value of their very pleasant, gossiping volumes.

POEMS.

Poems. By THOMAS ASHE. London: Bell and Daldy.

Lyrics of Life. By FREDERIC W. FARRAR. London: Macmillan.

THE SUCCESS OF A VOLUME OF POEMS depends almost as much on ordinary judgment in the poet as upon extraordinary genius. The poet who can soar higher into the empyrean than his comrades is frequently capricious and has his hours of weakness. Above all things the public should not be allowed to see how often the wing of the muse has grown weary, and become soiled in its contact with earth. The weak poems which are sure to be a portion of every minstrel's first book may be considered as living animalculæ constantly eating into the heart of the minstrel's fame. Why, then,

should a writer create and perpetuate enemies to destroy his own peace? Simply because he entertains the common fallacy that the public will not accept quality without quantity. It strikes us that Mr. Ashe has been more anxious to make a book than to go the directest way to make a reputation. He is a writer of undoubted power, and yet he has frittered that power through the smallest dribbets of versification. Read his "Acis," and you become instantly aware of the presence of grandeur and classical breadth; you see that the author is a master of imagery. But only turn a few leaves, and you pass from the fancied music which came from Triton's horn as the god

Ploughed the waves towards Catania

to such feeble twittering as this:

MORNING.

Morning clouds are fleecy and white,
Drifting freshly o'er the valley.
Trees are swaying,
Winds are playing,
Musically, musically,
In the branches, to and fro,
Airy light,
Bending low
To the rillet at my feet.
Life is sweet!
Merrily, merrily,
Bright birds, sing ye,

Mid the green of emerald buds:
How the ringing
Of your wild singing
Echoes, echoes in the woods!
And the tinkling music swells
From the silver-toned sheep-
bells,
Chiming and climbing
Up the golden dells.
Rillet feet,
Kissing my feet,
Life is sweet!

This, and such as this, in which the volume abounds, is rhyme, but it does not reach the dignity of music. It is the weakness of a poet who has before shown that he has opulent expression. Were the question not beyond dispute we could scarcely believe such jingling of little bells to be the performance of a man who with descriptive beauty has shown how Galatea "waded with white feet" over the yielding sands to take the "coral wand" which Nereus had sent as the means of restoring lost Acis to life:

Then she
Over the gleaming shingles wading back,
Up through the grass and yellow lilies
pass'd,
With doubtful heart if to be grieved or
glad.
Then with uncertain hope and vain regret,
With that rare wand she lightly touched
the rock.
The sun flashed hot and full, rounding the
cliff,
When, lo! bright-laughing, from the
cloven side,
Joy'd with release, a gushing fountain
sprang

Of clear translucent water, cool and
fresh.
"O Doris mine! O fountain dear!" she
said,
"O soul of my sweet Acis!" and her eyes,
Orb'd to unspeakable joy, as stars at dusk,
Watching the bubbles as it came up glad;
Running about her feet in little streams
Of merry water bright, dancing to find
her.
So threading wild in many a silvery
stream,
Shouting to Galatea, through the grass
And lily beds, and lushful violets,
And rare sea-pinks, on to the sea it went.

There is here sterling poetry, but let it not be supposed that we would have Mr. Ashe, or any one else, always dwelling with the mythical or the classical. In the commonest haunts of humanity there is poetry, would men "observingly distil it out." There is a deal of poetry not only in the treatment, but in the idea, of Mr. Ashe's unpretending poem, "Farmer Wilkie,"—Farmer Wilkie, who used to leave gaps in his hedge-rows, that little feet might go into the fields and find the blackberries! This is delightful, since it shows how near poetry lies to every-day life.

Some of the remarks we have applied to Mr. Ashe apply with some force against Mr. Farrar and his "Lyrics of Life." Here, as in the former case, there are many weak poems. These "Lyrics" represent certain phases of life, such as "Poems of Childhood" and "Poems of Love," the love evolving itself out of the conditions "happy" and "sorrowful." Whether these are personal experiences does not much matter, since their merit or demerit has a purely independent bearing. One does not care to know whether Edgar A. Poe's "Raven" rose from the throes of remorse or out of the pure region of invention. Realms of beauty and pulses of passion lie beyond the poet's experience, but not always beyond his intuition. A great poet is part of every thing, as of every emotion. It would then be no injustice to set Mr. Farrar entirely aside in considering the truthfulness of these "Lyrics of Life." If true to nature, no one need trouble himself whether Mr. Farrar has or has not drawn from the resources of his personality; but the construction of the poems is altogether a personal affair. In the art of versification Mr. Farrar excels. He is unambiguous and melodious, but he has no extatic imagination, no rich fantasies. Always graceful and frequently beautiful, "Lyrics of Life" will be read with pleasure. They are simply the product, and they show it, of a cultivated mind.

ASTRONOMY MADE EASY.

Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes. By the Rev. T. W. WEBB, M.A., F.R.A.S., Incumbent of Hardwick, Herefordshire. London: Longman and Co. pp. 247.

THIS VERY ELEGANT LITTLE VOLUME supplies a want which has long been felt. Its purpose is "to furnish the possessors of ordinary telescopes with plain directions for their use, and a list of objects for their advantageous employment." Telescopes are now to be purchased at a trifling cost; and a boundless field of enjoyment is opened to a careful observer of celestial objects. Yet as well might an inquirer, unaided by previous knowledge, pore over plants and stones, and expect to become a ready-made botanist or geologist, as to imagine that the possession of the most powerful instrument will enable him, otherwise unassisted, to recognise and classify the various heavenly bodies. Let him who wishes "to consider the heavens" remember with gratitude how earnest have been the labours and how patient and painful the watchings of many noble spirits before man-

kind have been enabled to learn the little (as compared with the immensity of the subject) which they do know about "the spacious firmament on high." We have ourselves been more than once asked to recommend a book which would enable beginners to set about the study we have been describing, and have been unable to suggest any work save such as by their difficulty and expense made them useless except to the wealthy and scientific. The author of this little volume has consulted very nearly forty different authorities, and gives us the result of his researches in a form at once elegant and clear. The writer gives some excellent hints as to choosing a telescope fit for work:

In buying a telescope we must disregard appearances. Inferior articles may be showily got up, and the outside must go for nothing. Nor is the clearness of the glass, or the polish of the mirror, any sign of excellence; these may exist with bad "figure" (i.e., irregular curvature) or bad combination of curves, and the inevitable consequence, bad performance. Never mind bubbles, sand-holes, scratches, in object-glass or speculum; they merely obstruct a very little light. Actual performance is the only adequate test. The image should be neat and well defined with the highest power, and should come in and out of focus sharply; that is, become indistinct by a very slight motion on either side of it. A proper test-object must be chosen; the moon is too easy; Venus too severe except for first-rate glasses; large stars have too much glare; Jupiter or Saturn are far better; a close double star is best of all for an experienced eye; but for general purposes a moderate-sized star will suffice; its image, in focus, with the highest power, should be a very small disc, almost a point, accurately round, without "wings," or rays, or mistiness, or false images, or appendages, except one or two narrow rings of light, regularly circular, and concentric with the image, and in an uniformly dark field; a slight displacement of the focus either way should enlarge the disc into a luminous circle. If this circle is irregular in outline, or much better defined on one side of the focus than the other, the telescope may be serviceable, but is not of much excellence.

He then goes on to tell us what kind of instrument is "of much excellence," and how it may be known. Let us suppose, then, our novice to have procured his telescope and carefully adjusted it upon a stand in a suitable position—what will he first look at? And here we may add for his information that he need not be disheartened if the night be not a brilliant one. Such a night, according to the author, is often worthless for planets or double stars, although it may serve for nebulae; while a hazy or foggy night, though not adapted for the observation of nebulae or minute stars, sometimes defines bright objects admirably. Favourable nights are not too often to be found, and let the observer make the most of one when he has found it. Admiral Smyth says, "Where a person will look out for opportunities in the mornings as well as evenings, and especially between midnight and daybreak, he will find that nearly half the nights in the year may be observed in, and of these sixty or seventy may be expected to be splendid." As the majority of ordinary students will scarcely care to sit up until after midnight or rise before daybreak for the special purpose of astronomical observations, we are afraid a further very considerable deduction from the number of working days, or rather nights, must be made. Mr. Webb has consolation for the hard workers. "With due precaution," he says, "nothing need be feared from night air; that prejudice is fully confuted by the well-known longevity of astronomers, even of such as have habitually protracted their watchings

Till the dappled dawn doth rise."

The novice had better not commence with observing the solar phenomena, though they are especially wonderful and beautiful. More than one eminent astronomer has become partially and even wholly blind in consequence of due want of caution. Let the beginner then train his eye and hand elsewhere, and come as a veteran to watch the piercing blaze of the sun.

Mercury also, from its closeness to the sun and to the horizon, is scarcely the best subject for a novice to commence with.

Venus, "fairest of stars, last in the train of night," though the most beautiful of all the heavenly bodies to the naked eye, is often, Mr. Webb tells us, a source of disappointment in the telescope. The account given of it in this volume is a most interesting one, but far too long to extract or even condense.

Next comes the moon, which, from its comparatively short distance from us, is the easiest of telescopic objects.

Mr. Webb warns enthusiasts from expecting that it is possible to make out minute details of the surface of our satellite. They will be as much disappointed as were the islanders of Teneriffe when they found that the telescope of "Piazzi Smyth" could not show them their favourite goats in the moon.

The "Moon Committee" of the British Association have recommended a power of 1000; few indeed are the instruments or the nights that will bear it; but, when employed, what will be the result? Since increase of magnifying is equivalent to decrease of distance, we shall see the moon as large (though not as distinct) as if it were 240 miles off, and any one can judge what could be made of the grandest building upon earth at that distance; very small objects, it is true, are perceptible from their shadows, but their nature remains unknown. Much difficulty, too, arises from the want of terrestrial analogies. It may be reasonably supposed that Venus or Mars, at the like distance, would be far more intelligible. We should probably not find them perfect transcripts of our own planet; for, as Schröter often remarks, variety of detail in unity of design is characteristic of creation; but we should have a fair chance of understanding much of what we saw. It is quite otherwise with the moon. It is, in Beer and Mädler's words, no copy of the earth; the absence of seas, rivers, atmosphere, vapours, and seasons, bespeaks the absence of "busy haunts of men;" indeed, of all terrestrial vitality, unless it be that of an insect or reptile.

The whole of the fifty and odd pages in this little volume devoted to the explanation of the lunar phenomena are replete with interest and information.

The "red star Mars," though not much more than half as large as our own globe, is yet peculiarly interesting to observers.

In overtaking him about once in two years we find, as he turns to us his round sunny face, that his supposed malignant aspect is changed into that of a miniature earth, which we might, without much extravagance, imagine to be habitable by man. Not every opposition, however, as it is called, admits of an equally near prospect. The orbits of both the earth and Mars are elliptical, and not fixed with respect to each other, and no two following oppositions happen in the same part of either orbits so that the most favourable possible juncture, when the earth is furthest from the sun and Mars nearest, occurs ordinarily but once in fifteen years, when the diameter of Mars, only 13" in reversed circumstances, expands to 23.5". Every opposition, however, should set the telescope to work; and we will proceed to describe what we may expect to see.

We can assure such of our readers as feel an interest in the observation of celestial objects, that they cannot find a more thoroughly interesting and instructive volume than that which we have so hastily described.

A LIFE-LONG STORY.

A Life-long Story; or, Am I my Sister's Keeper? London: Simpkin and Marshall. 8vo. 1859.

Not she derided, when all else deride,
Not she forsook Him, when all fled beside;
She, when Apostles shrunk, could danger brave,
Last at the cross and earliest at the grave.

THESE BEAUTIFUL LINES, in which Maturin so charmingly idealises the blunter and more terse but hearty "I will now speak a word for women, and take away their reproach" of Bunyan—lines applicable alike to the sex collectively, and to many a valiant though a gentle spirit enshrined in a very fragile form—are more especially appropriate to the author of the volume now before us, who has grappled earnestly and womanfully with several of the most flagrant among the many crying social evils of the nineteenth century.

"Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol," have in all ages as invariably assailed the man of letters, as they have, with very few exceptions, beset those earnest Christian men and women of whom the world they live in is not worthy. It is quite true, indeed, that "the world seldom knows its heroes;" and least of all is this the case when it either contemptuously neglects or actively persecutes those who toil fearfully and faithfully, not to overturn existing systems, but to purify them—not to extirpate moral evil, but to educe good from it, and at all events to make bad better. It is quite true, moreover, that the slights, the injuries, and "the spurns, which patient merit of the unworthy takes," are for the most part borne with philosophical indifference—not without, among the purer and diviner spirits, a touch of that far holier philosophy which prompted the expiring prayer of their great prototype, the God-Man Benefactor of the Universe, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." But is it, therefore, on that account the less unpardonable that ignorance and carelessness should thus mar God's fair creation? We say "ignorance and carelessness" advisedly, believing, as we firmly do, that few indeed are they who cry of choice, "Evil be thou my good," and work wickedness for mere evil-doing's sake. The fool's apology, "I had not thought," is far more frequently at the root of mischief-making than the vengeful "Il m'a paghera!" But is the wrong thus perpetrated therefore lessened—the temporal ruin or the mental agony thus occasional the less hard to bear?

Against the miseries, myriad and multiform, not of necessity interwoven, as many seeming evils are, with the very web and woof of human life, but the sad results of thoughtlessness, of prejudice, and unacquaintance with the true principles of enlightened political economy, our fair author wages an earnest warfare of affectionate expostulation. "Words that breathe and thoughts that burn" are her artillery, and we are bound to say that they are directed point-blank to the overthrow of those strongholds of barbarism and vice which rear their standards of defiance to virtue, morals, and pure religion in every corner of our so-called Christian land.

In tracing the short and simple annals of her hero and her heroine's "life-long story"—for though a "life-long" it is a very brief biography—our authoress in turn presents us with able delineations of, if not all, very many of the bitter hardships, cruel insults, and severe privations to which her sex are subjected under the operation of a social system which alternately idolises and debases them, exalting them above and degrading them far below the station their Creator framed them for—"helpmeets for man."

It may be contended, and were this volume strictly a biography it might be reasonably objected, that more toil and sorrows are heaped upon the hapless heroine than in the usual ordinary course of things could be concentrated in the story of a single life; nor can it be denied that not a few of her more bitter trials are the direct inevitable results of absurdities and weaknesses on the part of the pious and well-meaning simpleton who was her husband and should have been her protector, but whose whole existence appears to have been devoted to a strenuous and, it must be conceded, a very tolerably successful attempt to illustrate the indirect reproof, which he misinterpreted into a Divine command, "The children of this generation are wiser than the children of light." Not the less, however, on that account, do we heartily commend this volume to the best attention of the reading public of both sexes. As a novel—which, by-the-by, it does not profess to be—it is inartistic and uninteresting; as a satire, it is inefficient. When the author aims at sarcasms she fails as utterly, and for the selfsame reason, as did the amiable and warm-hearted little miniature painter who vowed deadly vengeance against the usurer, Ralph Nickleby, and illustrated her bloody-minded declaration, that she could with pleasure stick her weapon into him, by gently pressing the soft point of a fine camel-hair pencil against the crummy portion of a penny roll. If, then, the tale before us be neither a religious novel nor a moral satire, what is it? It is a very valuable repository of very sad truths—very bitter, very disgraceful, but very certain facts, which, in atrocity and horror, whatever we may think of her statistical account of them, are not, for they can by no pos-

sibility be, exaggerated; such facts as would, if blushing were likely to mend the matter, induce us one and all to blush blood-red for very shame; such facts as prove that the extremes of barbarism and civilisation join; such woeful facts as but too thoroughly confirm the remark of one of our ablest living physiologists, "I look upon our large towns, and our present manufacturing system, as the nurseries of feeble bodies and fretful minds"; such facts as prove that if we will insist on looking upon money-making as the be-all and the end-all of existence—if we will persist in taking counsel solely of the head, without allowing the heart to intercede for mercy—we may possibly indeed become very wealthy, very scientific, and very powerful, but we shall inevitably also be very discontented, very demoralised, and, as a necessary consequence, very wicked, very miserable.

A Letter from Captain Blakely, H.P. Royal Artillery, to the Secretary of State for War, claiming the original invention of an indispensable feature of the Armstrong Gun; with an authentic Description of that Weapon. (James Ridgway.) pp. 54.—This is the old story over again. One man lays claim to an invention, publishes it, perfects it, and gains great *kudos* for the same, when straightway up springs another gentleman, who not only says, *but can prove*, that he made the discovery quite as soon, if not sooner, than the popular hero, and that to him belongs a large share, if not all the credit. We say *can prove*, because it really does turn out upon inquiry, nine times out of ten, that an invention which has been led up to by a series of facts and discoveries known to all the world, occurs to two or more independent minds at almost the same period, and leads them both to results which, if not precisely similar, are sufficiently so to render it a matter of debate between them. Captain Blakely, in the pamphlet before us, lays claim to the invention of a principle indispensable to the perfection of Sir W. Armstrong's gun. In 1854 he discovered this principle, and introduced it to the notice of Lord Lyons, who could not, however be induced to try it upon the fortresses of Sebastopol. In 1855 Captain Blakely again endeavoured to force his invention upon the notice of the Government, and whilst he was undergoing the usual ordeal of select committees he took out a patent dated the 27th of February, 1855. The specification for the patent is printed in this pamphlet side by side with that lodged by Sir William Armstrong on the 11th of February, 1857, and it is impossible to deny that they present strong points of similarity. These documents speak for themselves, and those that run may read. As a full statement of Captain Blakely's case would compel us to enter into details respecting the construction of ordnance such as would scarcely interest the general reader, we must content ourselves with expressing a belief that it deserves attention, and that all the facts seem very fully stated in the pamphlet. At the conclusion of his remarks Captain Blakely very expressly says that he has no intention of appealing to a court of law to support his case, but that he prefers the course of depending upon the decision of the Secretary at War. "I made," he says, "a discovery of great value to my country; I offered it to the country and urged its acceptance; to enable me to raise money to prove its value I took out a patent; I did prove its value, which, after being denied for four years, has now been acknowledged, and my plans adopted not only as better than the old system, but as the only known method whereby sufficient strength can be obtained for rifled cannon of any size. It remains for you, sir, to decide what the country shall do for me."

The Man of Fortune: a story of the present day. By ALBANY FOLANQUE, jun., Esq. (Routledge, Wames, and Routledge.) pp. 409.—This story especially claims, in the characters and circumstances which it sets forth, to belong to the present day. Let us hope that the story we have here is one which is now not so often repeated as it used to be. A young man of high family and large property, while travelling on the Continent, falls in love with and marries a beautiful Italian girl. Faithless, her infidelity is discovered by her husband, and her paramour (a Mexican) desperately wounded in a duel with him. Hugh Trevor, the hero of the novel, had been, previously to his marriage in Italy, engaged to his cousin; after the duel he quits his wife, and returns to England. Shortly after, hearing of her death, he renews his addresses to his cousin, who pardons him in a manner rather too easy for our taste. Now comes the hitch. Another heir to the Trevor estates turns up in the identical Mexican whom Hugh is supposed to have shot in the duel. His Italian bride also is found to be alive. All this is discovered only a day or two before Hugh's intended marriage with his cousin. She, naturally enough, supposes that her lover must have known of the existence of his first wife, and in disgust and despair she flies to Italy. Hugh Trevor meanwhile, having been cut by all his fine-weather friends, attempts unsuccessfully to turn journalist, and finally becomes an usher in a commercial school. Of course, all is right in the end. It is discovered that our hero is really heir to the Trevor estates; the Italian wife dies just when she ought; Hugh marries his cousin Nelly, and both are happy as the days are long. We should imagine, however, that Mr. Hugh Trevor's constitution must originally have been an exceedingly good one. First of all, he is shot, and has a dreadful fever; next, on coming to his senses he indulges in the wildest dissipation; then he is knocked on the head and has another fever, to be followed by a second knocking on the head and a second fever. However, after all his hard knocks and his fevers, he does not seem to have sustained any real injury. There is a great deal of incident in this volume, and some of the scenes of modern London life are very graphically described.

Trip to the Rhine and Paris. By THOMAS M. GEMMELL. (Ayr: Robert Maclehose. London: Hamilton and Adams.) pp. 180.—These pages are not meant for the travelled Briton, to whom Paris or Berlin are as familiar as London and Edinburgh, who is at least as well acquainted with the "gay Moselle" as with the Thames above Richmond, and who knows more about the castle of Holzenfels and the mountain of Johannisberg than Conway Castle or Snowdon. They record in a lively gossiping way the experiences of a fortnight's tour made by the writer, who set out on his travels with the sensible determination of making the best use of his time, and duly enjoying himself. The writer gives some excel-

lent advice to novices in travel respecting routes, fares, hotels, &c. As these notes were originally printed in the *Ayr Advertiser*, we do not think it necessary to notice them at any length. We extract the following curious sketch of the amusements of a Russian lady at Homburg:

Conspicuous as a player, but certainly not for excitement, sat Mme. Kisseleff, the lady of the Russian ambassador at Paris. This lady is well known in gay circles; and as we find her at her advanced age in such curious company, and at such questionable amusement as gambling from morning till night, she must excuse us that we attempt her pen-and-ink photograph. Her years number upwards of threescore and ten. In early life she was acknowledged to be so remarkably beautiful as to have been called "The Rose of Russia." She is very rich, and still very gay, and so noted a stickler for woman's rights that, at her grand entertainments in Paris, gossip says her husband must wait for a special written invitation, same as an ordinary guest, and not unfrequently waits in vain. She has still the remains of great attractions—full and piercing black eyes, aquiline nose, and handsome mouth, chin, and neck. She is richly dressed in black, with a profusion of bright rings and other ornaments. How very expert she is in tossing her money to the distant colours on the table! She has several feet to toss them, and yet not one roll or alights on the wrong division. The wheel is in motion; she throws three florins on one colour, two Napoleons on another, five Napoleons on a third, and ten Napoleons on a fourth. Yellow wins: not a shadow of either satisfaction or gloom on her countenance as she piles her winnings or gives out new coin. She is so constant an attendant at the table that the public of Homburg, thankful for her patronage, have called a new street by her name. When we saw her, she had seven rows of Napoleons about three inches high at her elbow, but whether winnings or her stock in trade we had no means of ascertaining.

The Rev. Edward Irving's Preliminary Discourse to the Work of Ben-Ezra entitled "The Coming of Messiah in Glory and Majesty." (Bosworth and Harrison.) pp. 264.—As in all probability the great majority of our readers have never heard of Ben-Ezra or his book, it will perhaps not be out of place to add a very few words of explanation respecting them. Juan Josafat Ben-Ezra never existed, save as a *nom de plume* for a Spanish American Jesuit named Lacunza, who, being exiled from the Spanish colonies of South America, took refuge in Italy, and assumed the position and name of a converted Jew. The book was first printed in Spain in the year 1812, was suppressed by the Spanish Government, and in the year 1816 came to England by the somewhat circuitous route of the Spanish colonies; being, says Mr. Irving, a "Spanish prize more precious than any galleon which was ever carried into a British port." Mr. Irving's introduction to this book is written in a strain of the loftiest eloquence; its burning words and grand periods bring back to our minds the eagle eye and tall form of the preacher who as an orator was perhaps superior even to Whitefield, Wesley, or Hall. With Mr. Irving's doctrines we have nothing to do; but the earnest eloquence of this book is most impressive, and we hesitate not to say may serve as a model for the choicest pulpit declamation. We have also in this volume an ordination charge delivered by Mr. Irving in 1827, as well as an introductory essay to Bishop Horne's commentary on the Psalms. These essays are distinguished by the same admirable qualities which we have noticed in the preliminary discourse.

Irene; or Sketches of Character. (Saunders, Otley, and Co.) pp. 243.—Without too minutely criticising the title of this book, we may certainly say that the "Sketches of Character" in it are not very profound. The story is, however, very readable, and the moral inculcated unexceptionable, though very trite. The personages are all of the usual humdrum sort, good, bad, and indifferent; the good of course prosper, as they ought to do, and the bad do not, according to the usual novel-morality. The book is one which might, we fancy, be read with interest by young ladies, though boys will be enabled to suggest improvements to the authoress—we think we are not wrong in supposing these sketches to have been written by a lady—on some points relating to public school discipline. We may correct one palpable mistake of the writer. Cecil Stanley is supposed to be sent to the Military College at Addiscombe, and yet we have his sister (p. 112) expressing a hope that "he may not have to go abroad." The writer was evidently not aware that all the Addiscombe cadets are specially educated for military service in India.

Unity in Variety, as deduced from the Vegetable Kingdom. By CHRISTOPHER DRESSER, Lecturer on Botany at the South Kensington Museum. (James S. Virtue.) pp. 162.—The special object of this volume is, according to the author, "to develop that oneness which is discovered in the habits, mode of growth, and principle of construction of all plants." Vegetable structures increase themselves by growth; and the writer professes to have closely watched the external appearance of numerous plants during their enlargement, and to have carefully considered the principles upon which such enlargement depends. The subject is a very interesting one, though the novice will require some previous preparation before he can with advantage enter upon this study. The volume before us, in fact, is meant as a sort of continuation to the very excellent work on the rudiments of botany previously written by Mr. Dresser. The plates are clear, though we think that they might be coloured with great advantage to young botanists.

We have also received: *Moore's National Airs.* Edited by C. W. Glover, with Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano. No. III. (Longmans.)—*The Rescue of Robert Burns, February 1759.* A Centenary Poem. By George Stephens, Esq. (Copenhagen: Michaelsen and Tillge. London: J. R. Smith.)—A curious piece of extravagance by the "Professor of Old English and of the English Language and Literature in the University of Cheapinghaven (Copenhagen), Denmark," assuredly one of the strangest results of the Burns mania, and to us, we must confess, altogether unintelligible.—*War in London, or Peace in London: Remonstrance addressed to the People of England.* By Hargrave Jennings. (J. F. Hope.)—A pamphlet breathing of war and invasion, and invoking all good patriots to arm. In the belief of Mr. Jennings the danger is imminent. The very beautiful spirit-stirring ballad called "Warning," which closes these pages, is the composition of Mr. Alfred Bates Richards.—*The Pluckley Tracts.* Nos. I. to XVIII. (Wertheim and Macintosh.)—*A Churchman's Dream.* (Wertheim and Macintosh.)—*Worship before the Throne: a Hymn of Universal Praise.* (Wertheim and Macintosh.)—*Observations on an Address to the Bishop of Oxford.* By R. Twopeny, B.D. (Wertheim and Macintosh.)—*Short Prayers for Cottagers.* (Wertheim and Macintosh.)

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRANCE.

Notes from Paris on Literature, Art, the Drama, &c.

Paris, August 17.

M. AMÉDÉE PICHOT, who has obtained the *sobriquet* of the "Minister of English Literature," has written a life of Sir Charles Bell, which deservedly attracts considerable attention. The author has been led to this work, as he states, not only by the great merits of Sir Charles Bell, as *savant* and surgeon, but also from the desire to mark the entrance of his (the author's) son into university life by the publication of a work which should contain in every page useful instruction and a moral lesson. And it is a gratifying fact that an Englishman has been chosen as the subject of a work having such an object. M. Amédée Pichot has written and published sixty volumes, some of which he admits were not orthodox; and of this new production he says humorously that he hopes it will be placed in the good scale, to prevent his being punished too severely on account of those in the other. Sir Charles Bell's Bridgewater Treatise on the Hand is compared by M. Pichot with the famous work of Bichat, entitled "*Recherches sur la vie et sur la mort*," and lauded as a *chef-d'œuvre*. Sir Charles Bell and Bichat were born within three years of each other. The passages in Sir Charles's life having reference to his military experience have a deep interest for the French nation, and the high terms in which he speaks of the endurance and gaiety of the French soldiers in the hospital after the battle of Waterloo would alone render the work popular here. M. Pichot was himself originally a medical man, and this fact gives weight to his appreciation of Sir Charles Bell, of whom he says, he was one of the true sons of Esculapius, with the heart of a woman and the hand of a god. M. Pichot justifies with noble zeal the great importance attached to the discoveries of Sir Charles with respect to the separate functions of the nerves, and places him side by side with Hervey as an original investigator and benefactor of humanity. This work will doubtless be extensively read, and it is pleasing to find a name so deservedly cherished in our own country selected for the titlage of a work avowedly written as a specimen of all that is great and good in morals as well as in science.

We hear from Turin that Victor Emmanuel has appointed the famous Italian writer, Alexandre Manzoni, president of the Institute of that city, with an annual salary of 12,000 francs.

During the last few years so many dictionaries and encyclopædias have been published, that it is rather surprising to find one with a new title and corresponding plan; this is, however, the case with the "Dictionary of Practical Life in Town and Country," recently issued by Messrs. Hachette and Co., and which we mentioned in a very cursory manner on the day of its publication in May. M. G. Bezeze, the author and editor (for he has been assisted in his work by several writers in special departments), has aimed at supplying families with a book of reference in connection with all the duties, demands, and wants of ordinary life. The new work ranges with Messrs. Hachette's previously-published dictionaries of geography, science, literature and art, synonyms, contemporary biography, and the philosophical sciences; and is, like all the above except the last, comprised in one large volume. The list of subjects treated of is necessarily long and various, including religious duties and observances; public and private education; useful and elegant accomplishments; legislation and administration, so far as they affect the people generally; the funds, banks, assurance, provident and charitable societies; money, weights, measures, and other matters connected with trade and commerce; domestic economy in its widest sense, from the rearing of children down to the "art of good living," which, of course, occupies no inconsiderable space in a dictionary of French economy; horticulture and gardening; the breeding and care of domesticated animals; field sports, gymnastics, dancing, fencing, swimming, riding, and all kinds of games and amusements. The whole is arranged in simple alphabetical order, with numerous and useful references. We have not read the work through, certainly—and, seeing that it fills 1872 pages royal octavo, we are not likely to do so for some time—but we have read a considerable number of articles, and can recommend this dictionary, as containing as much useful matter as any we have ever seen of like extent and scope, while its very moderate price supplies another recommendation.

MM. Paillottet, Victor Modeste, and Frédéric Passy, three members of the Political Economy Society of Paris, and who drew up the document on Intellectual Property presented to the Brussels congress by M. Jules Simon in September last, have published their opinions on the question of literary and artistic copyright in a small volume just issued by the well-known house of Dentu. These gentlemen each contribute a paper on the subject, that of M. Paillottet, however, being much shorter than the other two, and in the form of letters. The tenor of them all is, however, in the main the same, the writers agreeing in the opinion that literary property differs in no respect whatever from other property, and should by logical deduction and on the ground of right be submitted to the same laws, and no others. They also agree that literary and artistic productions will always follow the usual course of supply and demand, and that as to quantity and quality such productions will best meet the wants of the people, and best serve the interests of the public and the advance of civilisation, by being left to grow up under the same system which regulates production and price in the case of all other results of human ingenuity and industry. They deny that in practice any difficulty would arise, and they disbelieve that authors and artists can fail to be better remunerated and the public better supplied under the proposed than under the present system. "But," says M. Modeste, "although we thus set up the flag of the absolute principle of intellectual property, we have no hope of that principle being immediately adopted." It is certain, however, he thinks, that society will not be long before it recognises the fact

that the principle of intellectual property in no way differs from that of all other property whatever. The joint authors of this volume, being all economists, submitted their manuscripts to M. Jules Simon, the author of the well-known works on "Duty" and "Liberty," and that distinguished writer has prefaced the volume with some very acute and lively remarks. He declares that he is no fanatic even on the subject of literary property; that were the principle recognised it would not enrich many writers; and that he is not at all certain that making authors rich would be a good thing in itself. He takes great interest in the matter, however, as touching a right, and consequently as affecting justice itself, inasmuch as the neglect of the application of a principle is an injury done to the principle itself. If, says M. Simon, society violates a right because its recognition is inconvenient, it commits a theft and aids the cause of communism. The spoliation of a man of genius, he maintains, offers a premium to mediocrity and even depravity. The denial of literary property he stigmatises as at once an injustice and a blunder; and in defending the rights of authors he declares we are defending the general theory of property.

These views have been mooted and discussed in England, and many eminent men, as we know, take a different view of the subject. Much of the opposition, however, was on narrow grounds, as more stress was laid on the practical working of the proposed system than upon the broad and general principle. In part reply to these opponents of the principle of the inalienable rights of authors, and to the objections on the ground of impracticability, it is but fair to cite the fact that at the present moment such is the arrangement with respect to dramatic productions, that the descendants of Mozart still receive a certain proportion of the profits arising from the representation of any of his operas on the French stage. This has been effected by the instrumentality of the Dramatic Authors' Society, and not by governmental action; but it illustrates equally the practicability of securing to a man's descendants a fair share in the profits arising from the product of his intellect.

The theatres of Paris, although in a very languid condition and denuded of most of their stars, continue to produce a few novelties, but of a character that leads to the supposition that they form a portion of the unfortunate engagements which must be fulfilled, and which now constitute the forlorn hope of the off season. Of this class is the "*Brigadier Feuerstein*" at the Gymnase, a piece which does no credit to its authors either as regards plot or execution, and the main incident upon which it is founded is one that certainly no dramatist but of French parentage, education, or habits would have ventured to touch. The principal characters are an old Colonel, a young officer, *Karl*, and a drunken Brigadier, all of the same regiment. The young officer is attached to the niece of the Colonel, and the young lady is so devoted to her *Karl* that before he has actually declared his affection, upon the appearance of a certain difficulty, she avows her love and at once presents him with a ring, and pledges herself as his wife or his widow. The Brigadier, and a companion of the same kidney, who have made a mutual vow never to drink apart, and consequently are always drunk in company, have got into trouble in consequence of an insult offered by them to *Karl*; the latter reports their conduct to the Colonel, and the two worthless vow vengeance on the young officer, who is known to have been a foundling, and to have been brought up as a child of the regiment. On the day of the latter's coming of age, he entreats the Colonel to tell him something of his parentage, and is informed that his mother, who is dead, was a lady of family, and that he, *Karl*, is entitled to a *fortune considerable*. As regards the father there is a mystery; but, upon a promise being obtained from *Karl* that should he ever meet with his father he will avoid him as he would a felon, the unfortunate young man is told that he is the offspring of an act of gross brutality. Upon the proposition of the niece, the Colonel, who is childless, agrees to adopt *Karl* as his son, and the young officer is at once raised to be the heir of a comte, and is himself made a viscount by the King's recognition of the adoption. Soon after this event the Brigadier and his pledged companion come to the house of the Colonel, and find the remains of the *déjeuner* on the table; they help themselves to wine, and upon the servant bringing in coffee and liqueurs, the two set to work to dispatch the coffee first with a little brandy, and then, from tasting one thing and another, make a punch of all the spirits in the stand, and drink it out of coffee-cups. Just as they are in the height of their carouse, *Karl* enters and sees the state of things at a glance, orders the pair to return to barracks, and upon the refusal of the Brigadier sends for the guard; the latter is about to be dragged off, when he draws his sword and wounds *Karl* in the arm. The Brigadier is taken to prison, and he then learns, through the medium of the duenna of the Count's niece, that *Karl* is his own son. The brutal, drunken soldier is changed at once into a repentant father, and is ready to sacrifice himself for his son's welfare. The niece visits him in prison, and suggests "America;" but this parley is put an end to by the entrance of the Colonel, who sends his niece home in no very gentle mood, and then challenges the Brigadier to a duel *à l'outrance*. The latter refuses to fight the protector of his son, and the Colonel tries to force him to do so by striking him in the face with his glove; the rising rage of the Brigadier at the insult, suppressed with great effort as he again refuses, was one of the best points in the piece. The interview ends by the Colonel accepting an appointment for that evening at a certain place close at hand; the Brigadier deliberately loads a pair of pistols, repeats the assurance he had obtained from the Colonel, that i, the father were dead the son would become the Colonel's especial charge and leaves the stage with the intention that the Colonel shall find a corpse at the place of rendezvous. And that is the end of the *Brigadier Feuerstein* and of the piece named after him, which is built up into three acts, and presents nearly all the faults that appertain to dramatic productions.

THE DRAMA, ART, MUSIC, SCIENCE, &c.

THE DRAMA.

THERE IS NOTHING OF DRAMATIC INTEREST to record this week beyond the revival at the Princess's of "The Wife's Secret," a play in five acts, written by Mr. Lovell, and originally produced at the Haymarket Theatre in January, 1848. We should not have thought it worth while to advert to this event were it not that it gives us an opportunity of pointing out that "The Wife's Secret" bears a very close resemblance to "St. Mary's Eve; or, a Solway Story," a domestic drama in two acts, by Mr. Bayle Bernard, which was produced at the Adelphi Theatre in January 1838, and at the Haymarket in April 1839. This resemblance cannot well be accidental, for it is impossible to compare the two pieces without perceiving how identical they are in idea, plot, situations, and working out. We are informed that when "The Wife's Secret" was produced at the Haymarket in 1848, on the *rentrée* of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean after their return from America, the close resemblance between the two pieces was pointed out to the author; whose excuse was, that he had taken the plot from a story published by one Duncombe, who was then in the habit of turning into what he called "Dramatic Tales" all the successful dramas of the day. The fact therefore was, that Duncombe turned Mr. Bernard's drama into a tale, and Mr. Lovell reconverted it into a drama. Whether this was quite fair is a question which we beg leave to submit to the consideration of the Dramatic Authors' Society. We have thought it right to state these facts because Mr. Bernard's piece, which was for some time the property of Mme. Celeste, has, we understand, since reverted to himself; and it is right that he should not be deprived of the credit and benefit of what is so rare in these days of "fair adaptation"—a really original work.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE ELEVENTH DAY'S SALE of Lord Northwick's pictures was held on the 11th inst. The principal lots were: "A Village Fête," by D. Teniers, from the collection of Mr. J. Cave; 250 gs. (Farrer). "The Virgin," by F. Francia; 132 gs. (Chippendale). A triptic altar piece, by Sebastian del Piombo, the centre representing the inhumation of our Saviour; 174 gs. (Mr. Drax, M.P.). "The Virgin Seated," gazing on the Infant Saviour, by Bernardino Luini; 200 gs. (Scott). "The Marriage of the Virgin," by Rubens; 175 gs. (Mr. B. Waldron). "The Glorification of the Virgin," by Moretto, of Brescia; this noble picture was formerly the altar-piece at the church of St. Faustino and Jovito, at Brescia; in the foreground a full-length figure of St. Bernardino of Sienna, holding in his right hand a golden circlet inclosing the sacred monogram "I. H. S." and in his left an open book, having the three mitres which he is said to have declined at his feet; on his right are St. Jerome and St. Joseph, leaning on his budding rod; and on his left, the figures of St. Francis and St. Nicholas; above, in the clouds, are the Virgin and Child, attended on the right by St. Catherine, and on the left by St. Clare; from the collection of Dr. Faccioli, of Verona; it was secured for the National Gallery for 550 gs. "The Madonna of Polignio," by Raphael Mengs; 105 gs. (purchased for the Royal Academy). Portrait of Jean la Folle, her daughter, wife of Francis I., and her son, afterwards Charles V., by Jan de Mabuse; 190 gs. (Colnaghi). "Nymphs, Satires, and Fauns," by N. Poussin, engraved by J. Mariette; 300 gs. (Colnaghi). "A Boar Hunt," by Velasquez, said to be the original of the large picture in the National Gallery; 310 gs. (Mawson). "The Holy Family," said to be by Rubens, and engraved by Bolswert; 112 gs. (Isaacs). "L'Umana Fragilita," by Salvator Rosa, once in the Ghigi Palace at Rome, and thus described in Lady Morgan's "Life and Times of Salvator Rosa": "L'Umana Fragilita represents a beautiful girl seated on a glass globe; her brow crowned with flowers, the fairest and the frailest; her arm filled by a lone infant, which she appears to caress, while its twin brother, cradled at her feet, is occupied in blowing air-bubbles from a tube; a child somewhat older is mischievously employed in setting fire to a wreath of flax twined round a spindle; above this group of blooming youth and happy infancy, with wings outspread and threatening aspect, hover the grim features of Death, dictating the following sentence: 'Conceptio culpa, nasci poena, vita labor, necesse mori';" 330 gs. (Agnew). A portrait of Massaccio by himself is a little cabinet gem, secured for the National Gallery at the price of 58 gs. The day's sale realised altogether upwards of 5450l. On Friday, the twelfth day, the rich collection offered excited the greatest interest. The best lots were: A Landscape, by David Cox; 81 gs. (Gambart). "The Rape of Proserpine," by Huskisson (a copy of Etty's celebrated work); 50 gs. (Myers). "The Castle of Chillon," by De Louthembourg; 52 gs. (Daubeny). "The Sempstress," by Redgrave (an illustration of Hood's "Song of the Shirt"); 51 gs. (Barber). A Coast Scene, by Sir A. Calcott; 82 gs. (Daniel). A Market Scene, by Van Schendel—a fine work, rendering the effect of candlelight with marvellous fidelity; 255 gs. (Eckford). "The Halt of the Smugglers," by Parker; 57 gs. (Isaacs). Views of Ulswater, Morning and Evening, by Glover; 81 gs. and 92 gs. (Sir T. Phillips and Mr. Rhodes). A Scene in Norway, by Aiten; 115 gs. (Isaacs). "The Mountain Stream," by Creswick; 350 gs. (Cox). "The Flight into Egypt," by Redgrave; 350 gs. (Eckford). "Christ walking on the Sea," by Lander; 60 gs. (Weaver). "The Fortune-teller," by Van Holst; 105 gs. (Pennell). View in North Wales, river scenery, by Hulme and Willes; 130 gs. (Wallis). "A Wood-nymph chanting her Hymn to the rising Sun," by Danby; 360 gs. (Eckford). Interior of Westminster Abbey, with shrine of Edward the Confessor, by D. Roberts; 315 gs. (Agnew). Interior of the Church of St. Jacques, at Dieppe, by Roberts; 285 gs. (Agnew). "The Village Sign-painter," by A. Fraser; 190 gs. (Isaacs). A Meadow Scene, with Cattle, by Sidney Cooper; 455 gs. (Eckford). "The Market Cart," by Gainsborough, a replica of the picture in the National Gallery; 70 gs. (Rhodes). "The Quarrel Scene between Buckingham and Cardinal Wolsey," by S. Hart; 100 gs. (Lovegrove). A View on the Nile, by W. Müller; 150 gs. (Wyatt). "A Seashore—Morning," and "A Seashore—Evening," by J. Wilson; 55 and 52 gs. (Eckford and Flatow). "John Knox administering the Sacrament to Mary, Queen of Scots," by Bonner; 130 gs. (Wallis). "View of Naples," by T. Uwins; 60 gs. (Collins). "A Portrait—the daughter of the artist carrying a tray of fruit," by G. Lance; 100 gs. (Agnew). "View of Athens," by W. Müller; 520 gs. (Agnew). "Robin Hood and his Foresters," by D. Maclise;

1305 gs. (Eckford)—it cost Lord Northwick 500l. "The Avalanche," by De Louthembourg; 231 gs. (Eckford). "The Children of Niobe slain by Apollo," by R. Wilson; 32 gs. (Rowbotham). "Cicero's Villa," by R. Wilson—the celebrated picture engraved by Woollet from Mrs. Fitz-Hughes' collection; 300 gs. (Farrer). A Winter Scene, by W. Müller; 240 gs. (Gambart). "Sabrina and Nymphs in the Hall of Nereus," by Howard; 98 gs. (Isaacs). "Constance and Prince Arthur," by Hurlston; 81 gs. (Mr. Gull, of Bristol). "A Bivouac of Gipsies," by Horace Vernet; 61 gs. (Gull). "Taking the Veil," by Uwins; 55 gs. (Abrahams). A Coast Scene, by Danby—sunset view near Port Madoc, North Wales; 48 gs. (Gull). A Sea View, by E. W. Cook; 310 gs. (Agnew). "The Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius and Pompeii in the distance," by W. Müller; 195 gs. (Gambart). A Highland Loch, by A. Gilbert; 90 gs. (Gull, of Bristol). "The Toilette," by H. Pickersgill; 50 gs. (Rhodes). "The Lake of Nemi, Speculum Dianæ," by R. Wilson; 260 gs. (Daubeny). "The Campagna di Roma," by R. Wilson—the story of Diana and Actæon; 270 gs. (Daubeny). "The Departure of the Norman Conscript," by F. Goodall; 630 gs. (Gambart). "Columbus and the Egg," by C. M. Leslie; 1070 gs. (Rought). "Diana and her Nymphs surprised by Actæon," by W. E. Frost; it was painted expressly for Lord Northwick, and cost him 300l.; 675 gs. (Eckford). "King Lear," by J. Sant; 62 gs. (Pennell). "Cephalus and Procris, with Cupid," by Angelica Kauffman; 61 gs. (Rhodes). "The Monterone Lake and Borromean Islands," by Herring; 195 gs. (Abrahams). View of Windsor Castle, by P. Nasmyth; 560 gs. (Isaacs). "The Messenger bringing unto Job the Intelligence of his Misfortunes," by Poole; 610 gs. (Wallis). "The Disgrace of Clarendon," by E. M. Ward. (Mr. Agnew, of Manchester, secured this beautiful work for 805 gs., which cost Lord Northwick 400l.) "The Marriage of the Earl of Pembroke, surnamed Strongbow, with the Princess Eva," by Daniel Maclise. This noble picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1854, where it attracted great attention; the first offer was 1000 gs., and, after some very spirited competition, was knocked down to Mr. Flatow for 1700 gs., being the largest sum yet realised by any one picture at this great sale. Portrait of Major André, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; 105 gs. (Haigh). An upright Landscape, with cottages and figures, by W. Müller; 40 gs. (Wyatt). The amount realised by this day's sale exceeded 16,500l. The thirteenth day's sale took place on Tuesday last, and consisted of camei and intaglii rings, bronzes, and ornamental furniture. None of the lots fetched very high prices, and the total proceeds of the sale very little exceeded 1000l. The fourteenth day's sale consisted also of gems, bronzes, and articles of virtu, and the total realised was 910l.

The North Wales Chronicle records an important sale of valuable books and paintings, the property of the late Sir R. W. Vaughan, Bart, which took place on the 1st inst., under the conduct of Mr. W. Dew of Bangor. Three pictures by Wilson were sold to Mr. Gillett, of Birmingham, viz.: "View of Cylgerran Castle" and two small cabinet pictures, the first 300l. and the others at 100l. each. For a "View of Snowdon" and "Pembroke Castle" by the same artist 470l. each were bid, but the price reserved was 500l. The total amount realised by the sale was about 6,000l.

A contemporary announces that the total amount received this season by the Royal Academy, in the form of shillings at the door, is 8400l. This falls short of last year, when (owing, it is thought, to the attractions of Mr. Frith's "Derby Day") the receipts were nearly 9000l.

The injury done to the Raffaele cartoons at Hampton Court by exposure to the atmosphere has long suggested the necessity for protecting them by glazing or in some other way. We are glad to hear that a commencement of this good work has been made, and that two of the cartoons are already protected in this manner.

Messrs. Rowney and Son have issued (published, we presume, would be the proper word) a box of models, intended for the use of students in teaching them to draw from nature. The box contains a hen-coop and pigeon-house, a pump with trough and bucket, a cottage door, and a stile. They are all very well made, and look so like what they are intended for, that, in the absence of the latter, we can imagine no better substitutes.

It is stated that the Duke of Buccleugh has presented a fine block of freestone, suitable for the colossal figure of the poet Hoggy to be erected. The fund now amounts to 220l.

The alterations and restorations of Hereford Cathedral, under the superintendence of Mr. Scott, are proceeding very satisfactorily. In addition to the work completed last year, we can now report further progress to some extent. In the choir the arched and parapet of the upper portion have been rebuilt, and the massive timber roof, which had become quite decayed, has been reconstructed and re-covered with lead sheeting. The restorations in the north transept are nearly completed. New geometrical tracery has been inserted in the three triangular windows of the clerestory, and the mouldings and corbels have been restored. The tracery is completed in the three circular windows of the library, which are restored in accordance with the originals, as proved from the fragments which have been preserved. The windows will shortly be glazed. The north-east buttress on the north side of the transept is being taken down, to be replaced by one similar to those on the west side of the transept, and new stone is being inserted on the north gable wherever unsoundness is detected. An octagonal spire, about thirty feet in height, will soon be completed on the north-west corner. The top will be surmounted by a finial of bold design, three feet in height, and the same in diameter. On the western side of the transept the buttresses and parapet are completed, and the process of finishing off will proceed without delay, so that the scaffolding can be removed and the windows glazed. The decoration of the ceiling of the north transept is completed. The patterns are varied, so as to avoid the monotony in the nave of which some people complain. Gilding has been freely used, and in the selection of colours the object has been as nearly as possible to reproduce the effect obtained when the transept was originally built, some 500 or 600 years ago. A great deal of stone carving has been completed, and among the portions of the work nearly 100 capitals have been prepared with the ornamental arcade, which will be restored on each side of the Ladye Chapel. A new roof has been prepared for the dormitory at the College School, and the general alterations here have given to the school a much more collegiate character than it has hitherto borne.

The cost of model, plans, and working drawings, and of obtaining builders' tenders for the New Foreign-office, is set down officially at the sum of 3800l. This sum does not include any charge likely to be made by the architect for the modified design prepared by him according to the instructions of the First Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings. If this design should be carried out, the above sum of 3800l. (except 300l. for the model), as well as the amount of the architect's claim for the design itself, will merge in his commission and the builder's tender. Another return shows the number of square feet of floors in

Mr. Scott's plan for the New Foreign-office, showing how much space is occupied by offices and how much by dwelling-houses and reception-rooms. On the basement floor the printer's department occupies an area of 4147 superficial feet; the bookbinder's department an area of 2264 feet; the domestic offices belonging to the official portions of the building, including living rooms of resident attendants, 7458 feet; and the domestic offices of residence of Secretary of State 5210 feet. On the ground floor (including a small mezzanine), the official rooms occupy 17,583 feet, and the residence of the Secretary of State 1233 feet. On the first floor the official rooms (of which 8406 feet superficial consist of rooms which may be used also as reception-rooms) occupy 14,665 feet, and the residence of the Secretary of State 4684 feet. On the second floor the official rooms occupy 7447 feet, the residences of clerks, servants' rooms, housekeeper's rooms, &c., 6237 feet, and the residence of the Secretary of State 10,264 feet. The attics and rooms in roof—appropriated to servants' bedrooms, residences of clerks and of office-keeper, and to the accumulation of papers, &c., occupy 8692 feet, and the residence of the Secretary of State 2432 feet. The above areas are those of rooms alone, not including halls, corridors, or staircases, excepting in one instance on the first floor, in which a spacious corridor is so arranged as to form an addition of 1710 superficial feet to the space capable on occasions of being used as reception-rooms.

Some of the paintings in the Museum at Naples were injured by rifle-balls during the recent military revolt. The fine statue of Nero, found among the ruins of Herculaneum, was likewise damaged by a shot.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

SATURDAY HAS NOW BECOME A FIXED DAY for music of a higher order than that meted out at the Crystal Palace during the fresher portions of the week. That such an arrangement has in it the elements of wise forethought may be inferred from the attendant success, which is unquestionable, even when "London is out of town." On the 13th inst. the programme was both a diversified and an entertaining one. Haydn's *sinfonia* in D stood at the head of it. This, though one of the early works of the father of instrumental music, is Haydn all through; its design is simple to transparency, treatment unambitious, and rich in melody from beginning to end. The *adagio* is an *air varié*, and the minuet and trio are marked with great delicacy and harmonious colouring. Mme. Anna Bishop introduced the grand aria which opens the third scene in the prologue to "Lucrezia Borgia," "Com' e bello." The singing of this, though more remarkable for unnecessary ornamentation than a faithful delineation of the simple text, won for the fair *Lucretia* a very large measure of approval. Mme. Bishop's second essay afforded larger scope and a loftier range for the exercise of her vocal soarings; and as Mr. Wells (flauto primo) undertook to accompany the singer, "Lo! here the gentle lark" was warbled to the delight of the audience generally. But the greatest triumphs of the day were awarded to Mlle. Artot. Till very recently the name of this gifted vocalist had not been broken on the English ear. Mlle. Artot's talents are doubtlessly versatile; her voice is of a fine emotional quality, and her execution facile. We scarcely remember a fame so suddenly won and so likely to be retained. Nothing apart from its place in the opera—could have been more complete than the "Ah, mon fils," on this occasion. Mlle. Artot wisely declined a pressing invitation to re-sing it. In the second part of the day's entertainment, in Rodé's air—the everlasting resort of singers anxious to astonish—Mlle. Artot exhibited an artist gifted with unusual powers. In this she created a perfect storm of applause; but the encore, instead of advancing the singer's reputation, tended very much to endanger it. The well known brindisi, "Il Segreto," was substituted, and whether Mlle. Artot, by accompanying herself, imagined she was free from all restraint or not, certain it is she introduced a series of impertinent roulades, sadly disfiguring the text they purported to embellish. Many an established favourite has, ere this, been punished for such musical misbehaviour by a short sojourn to Coventry. A new comer, in the person of Sig. Oliva, a tenor of some repute at Florence, sang the popular air from "Martha," "M'appari" (sc. iv. act 3). Sig. Oliva failed to impress us with an idea that he is blessed with a voice remarkable either for volume or richness. Nor was this impression removed by an Air Neapolitan subsequently introduced. In a solo (violin) Mlle. Humler grappled with *Vieuxtemps*, a composer who knows full well how to interweave startling difficulties with the most familiar strains; the young violinist dashed nevertheless into the thick of them, and came out more heroically than before. Recalled. The scherzo from a "Midsummer Night's Dream" by Mendelssohn, a march of Meyerbeer's "Aux flambeaux," and the "Battle Symphony," attributed to Beethoven, formed the chief work for the orchestra. With reference to the last we regard it as a very puerile composition, considering its paternity; it resembles Kreutzer and his commemoration of the stormy affair at Prague on a blown-out scale. The orchestral force, very much enlarged on the occasion, was as usual under the controlling baton of Herr Manns.

Monday's programme for the delectation of visitors to the gardens over the water was remarkable rather for its length than for any strikingly novel feature in it. True, there were certain items inserted under the speculative term "by particular desire," and as the monster concert was designed for general attraction in preference to the consideration of a more exalted taste, the object—that of an ovation to Mme. Anna Bishop previous to her "last adieu"—was doubtlessly consummated. The *bénéficiaire* figured chiefly in vocal pieces so frequently noticed of late that a repetition would fail to raise a new emotion or create a fresh interest: the only departure from any previous arrangement manifested itself in the flute accompaniments to "The Gentle Lark," by Master Drew Dean—a performance, for such a youth, quite worthy of being recorded. Mme. Rudersdorf threw, as usual, an immense amount of energy into the "Robert, toi que j'aime;" but in her "Skylark," as a composition, we could discover nothing worth expending her vocal talents upon, and which, if exercised to the extent of a popular success, cannot even then confer upon her the slightest medium of real credit. Having done with the larks, we turn to the bee and Miss Louisa Vinning. Here again we are in the same quandary of not knowing what to say, in consequence of having had the "famous Master Henry Purcell" and Miss Louisa Vinning so frequently in hand. The audience paid great attention to her fairy freaks, and applauded them to the echo, which did applaud again. In the beautiful scena from "Der Freischütz" Madame Weiss grew into favour. It would appear that this delicious melody is a favourite with the Surrey frequenters, for there was scarcely a night last season but that it was heard in one form or another. Although Mr. Sims Reeves was absent on Monday, his "Pretty Jane" was there, introduced by Mr. George Perren, who also fortified himself with the chief tenor aria from "Sonnam-bula," "All is lost," which lost half its beauty from the perpetual motion in the body of the hall, and the other half from being sung apart from the action so essential to it. Mr. Weiss's "Village Blacksmith" has been so hammered into us that we care little for it. The bold son of Vulcan is not, however, devoid of merit, and he passed off very well in the crowd of Monday. There

were fewer foreign compositions than usual, but the most conspicuous and positively telling was claimed for "Non più andrai," into which Sig. Belletti infused a degree of vigour and breadth commensurate with the requirements of the bold and finely-marked rhythm. Many other points of interest were noticeable, and the concert, taken altogether, may be considered quite up to the standard of those ordinarily given at the Surrey Music Hall.

That great choral force known as the Vocal Association was marshalled on Wednesday—not, as usual, on the platform at St. James's Hall, but under the glassy roof of the central transept at the Crystal Palace. A thousand vocalists (quoting the programme, for we could not count them) assembled for the purpose of executing part songs and choruses without the ordinary instrumental aid, had the effect of waking up the dormant energies of many a professing admirer of the vocal art, seeing too that the premium for hearing many an old familiar strain was no bar to the realisation of an oft-repeated wish. With reference to the Vocal Association as a musical society, the public are too familiar to need enlightenment. During their summer vacation it is considered necessary occasionally to bring them in contact with the drill sergeant; memory is a treacherous thing, and requires to be jogged, otherwise many a valuable lesson is in danger of falling into a slumber profoundly deep. Wednesday, however, was something more than a refresher; it must be regarded rather as a field day, and in the execution of a well-devised plan the various vocal battalions did all they could to render it an important one. The chief points of interest centred in the pieces set most prominently forward, such as "The Departure," "The Last Rose of Summer" (now in every body's mouth), "Blue Bells," and "Thoughts of Home." In the more grave portions of the entertainment, a finely-constructed chorus, "Salvum fac regem" and "Hear, holy power," had a very imposing effect, enhanced by the organ accompaniment under Mr. James Coward. Mr. Benedict, as usual, had the control of the forces; how he discharged the commander's duty it would be superfluous to descant.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE WINTER'S TALE has been made the subject of a libretto, to which Herr Flotow is writing an opera; and Herr Dreyshock, the pianist, is writing a one-act opera based on a novel by H. Zschokke.

The season at the Olympic closed last night, when Mr. Robson was to deliver a managerial manifesto on the past, present, and future of his theatre.

It is rumoured that Mme. Grisi and Sig. Mario are shortly about to proceed to Madrid, for the fulfilment of an operatic engagement there.

Rumour says that Mme. Loti will not form part of Mr. Gye's company at Covent Garden next year.

Drury Lane is advertised to be let from December next.

Mr. Charles Kean's managerial career at the Princess's Theatre terminates on the 29th inst.

The annual gathering of the Foresters' Club and Societies is to be held at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday next, the 23rd inst. The Foresters' day is always a day of great attendance. Last year the enormous number of 45,738 persons were present; the roads and railways receiving such an accession of traffic as to render the scene at the approaches to the palace and the neighbourhood of the London-bridge and Pimlico stations most exciting. This year unusual preparations have been made for increased traffic, nearly all the vans in London and its vicinity being engaged by parties connected with the association. Additional facilities will also be given by the railways; arrangements having been made for special trains as frequently as may be needed, from both the London-bridge and Pimlico stations. This will be the more necessary, numerous excursions having been organised from different parts of the country; the consequent demand, therefore, for conveyance to the palace is expected to be exceedingly great.

A sum little short of 4000*l.* has already been realised by the sale of tickets, serial and otherwise, giving admission to St. George's Hall, Bradford, at the third triennial musical festival, which is to take place next week, for the benefit of the infirmary and dispensary in that town. The ballot for seats in the stalls, reserved area, and one of the galleries of the hall has just terminated, and all the preliminary preparations are going on in a manner which promises a successful final result. The festival will commence on Tuesday next with the evening performance of Haydn's "Creation," and it is expected that the hall on that occasion will be quite filled with listeners, as several Bradford firms have purchased tickets of admission for their workpeople, and others will doubtless follow the example. Wednesday morning is to be devoted to Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum" and a selection from his "Judas Macabæus." The performance of Thursday morning will be Mendelssohn's oratorio of "St. Paul," and Friday morning is set apart for the "Messiah" of Handel. On the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday there will be miscellaneous concerts. The total number of *artistes* engaged is 315. The principal singers comprise Mme. Clara Novello, Mme. Lemmens Sherrington, Mrs. Sunderland, and Mlle. Tietjen, sopranos; Miss Palmer, Miss Freeman, and Mme. Nantier Didiée, contraltos; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Sig. Giuglini, tenors; and Sig. Belletti, Mr. Santley, and Sig. Badiali, basses. The chorus consists almost exclusively of the Bradford Choral Society, which has been brought into a high state of efficiency by Mr. William Jackson, its master; 22 trebles and 7 altos, drawn principally from Leeds and Huddersfield, being the only additions. Its strength is 54 trebles, 15 contraltos, 43 altos, 52 tenors, and 51 basses, making a total of 215 voices. The band will be the opera band of Covent Garden in its entirety. The conductor is Mr. Costa, assisted by Mr. Jackson, as chorus master. Mr. J. L. Brownsmith presides at the organ, and Miss Arabella Goddard is the concerto and solo performer on the piano.

Miss Louise Keeley, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Keeley, has been acting for some time at Edinburgh. Last week she took her benefit, when the house and *bénéficiaire* were honoured with the presence of the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and a distinguished suite.

A Belfast paper announces that "Mr. J. L. Toole was to open on Monday night at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, where he is engaged for a fortnight. He will pass through Belfast on his way to Scotland."

The Theatre Royal, Belfast, will open shortly under new management.

From the American papers we learn that Sir William Don is acting at Pittsburgh, U.S. Somebody hisses him, whereupon Sir William Don comes forward and "puts it" to them thus: "I have been, ladies and gentlemen, four years in this country, and never before in my theatrical career have I received a mark of disapprobation. I understand I am charged in this city with the crime of being an aristocrat, simply because I choose to exercise that liberty you have taught me during my residence in the United States, and selected to dine in my own room in preference to suffering the suffocating atmosphere of the dining-room of the City Hotel, already monopolised by flies, and where, in deference to the other guests, I could not appear without my coat. Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you call it aristocratic for a man to dine in his own room without his coat, and with his shirt sleeves turned up, upon cold mutton and boiled potatoes, I must politely ask what you call the democratic mode of dining. I have always endeavoured to avoid giving offence to any one in a country which has received my humble efforts at acting with so much consideration and favour. If, in

present instance, I have offended any of your prejudices, I am sorry for it, although I could have wished you would have taken other measures to have instructed me." This explanation was deemed sufficient.

Miss Thompson, the English soprano, who made such a sensation in Paris last season, and who sang successfully in London at one concert only a few weeks ago, will, it is said, return to Paris for the winter, instead of, as it was hoped, giving us a specimen of her musical gifts in the provinces.

A Paris correspondent states that within the last few days the bills of the Porte St. Martin Theatre have announced the resumption of a play which was for some time suppressed by authority, entitled, "Via Sacra; or the March of Glory." The *Moniteur*, anticipating the erroneous interpretations that might be given to this fact, states that if the play lately prohibited has been since authorised, it is because it has been completely remodelled, and the portions which spoke harshly of Austria suppressed.

The theatrical entertainments given at the gratuitous performances in honour of the Emperor Louis Napoleon's fête day were mostly of a warlike kind. At the Grand Opera there was a *cantata* in honour of "the return of the army," and "Robert le Diable;" at the Théâtre Française, a strophe in honour of the army, and "Polyeucte;" at the Opéra Comique, "La Fille du Régiment;" at the Vaudeville "Stanzas," in honour of the army; at the Variétés a *cantata*; at the Gymnase "Le Retour d'Italie;" at the Folies Dramatiques, "Brelan de Turcos," and so on throughout.

A friend of M. Roger, the eminent French tenor, who has lost his arm by an accident when out shooting, writes in the *Constitutionnel* the following account of the manner in which he bore the amputation: "At one o'clock we entered the long avenue leading to the Château la Lande (Roger's house). We traversed the great court; there reigned a silence that damped all favourable anticipation. We found the family in tears. Entering the chamber of poor Roger, who, pale but calm, was lying stretched on the bed, he bid me good morning in his ordinary tone of voice, and without the least appearance in his countenance of physical or moral suffering. 'I receive you (said he) on a sad occasion; I dare not show you my poor arm—you would hardly bear the sight were you to remove those bloody rags—it is something frightful to see.' I endeavoured to give him courage by assuring him that he was in the hands of distinguished medical men, who loved him as a brother, and who would save him. 'Ah,' he replied, 'it is not that; I can bear the pain; but you, who know me well, can easily imagine what I most think of. When this morning I received in my arm the whole charge of my gun, I could not conceive that it was to me that this misfortune had happened. I walked along fancying I had some one else beside me, or some phantom repetition of myself. I imagined that up to that moment I had been dreaming, and that it was the false, the phantom Roger that was wounded; but, alas! the sight of you and the doctors reminds me of the sad reality.' I left him with the two surgeons, who, after minutely examining the wound, retired for consultation into another chamber. The serious expression of their countenances foreboded little hope. Madame Roger and all the inmates of the house were in the deepest affliction at the evidently serious nature of the accident to poor Roger, who was dearly beloved by every one who had the happiness to approach him. My friendship with him is one of twenty years. I knew the fine character of his mind—the benevolence of his disposition. I never knew him to say one word against a living soul. He was always beforehand in rendering a service unasked, and in a manner so kind and simple that the obligation was barely felt. Such being the man, we may be pardoned the agony almost with which we watched the closed doors behind which his destiny, I may say, was being decided. At the end of about half an hour a domestic came and called me by name. I started, because the message, had it been favourable, would have been delivered to the family. The doctors, who were still in consultation, made me sit down beside them, and M. Huguier said to me, 'I am sorry such is the case, but our decision is taken. If the arm is not amputated immediately we cannot answer for his life.' 'My God!' I said, 'for an artist that is worse than death.' 'No human power,' replied the doctor, 'can save his arm; there is not a vestige of the bone left; the flesh and muscles are so smashed that mortification must set in from one moment to the other. There is no time for hesitation; we will use chloroform; only we cannot commence the operation without his knowing what to expect on his return to his senses. On finding himself all at once mutilated, the shock would be fatal; he must be prepared to yield to this painful sacrifice.' I arose without saying a word and went to the bedside of the patient. He seemed to suffer less, and was less pale. I asked him if he felt thirsty; and on his saying that he did, a Sister of Mercy, beautiful as an angel, and good as they all are, gave him a spoonful of claret and water. Smiling, he thanked the saint-like girl by a sign of the head. Every one then left the room; and when we were alone, he turned towards me with a calmness that I will not say was stoical, but Christian. 'You have something to say to me?' said he; 'what is it?' 'My friend, I have but one word to tell you. Providence, who has permitted this trial, will give you courage to—' 'Ah, death!' said he, 'you see I am not the least moved. Tell them to send for a notary; I have a few matters to settle.'—'I give you my sacred word your life runs no risk; but—' He became pale. I had no need to say more; he had guessed the rest. 'Ah,' said he, sighing, 'I would have preferred death, but I have a wife and children; I must be resigned; tell these gentlemen I am ready.' He spoke with perfect calmness, and I recommended him to rest for a moment and take a mouthful of cordial. He then said he felt better, and after a few moments of silence he asked me if I remembered how I used to joke about the verses 'A heart to cherish and an arm to defend her.' 'Well, the poet was quite right—an arm.' I implored him not to trouble his mind with such thoughts, and I began to brush away the flies that annoyed him. 'When I think,' he said, 'that some children amuse themselves in tearing away the legs of those little animals, poor little creatures, how they must suffer!' The remark pained me excessively, and he perhaps observed it, for, stretching out his left hand to me kindly, he said, 'You think, perhaps, I am over-excited; I assure you I have all my usual *sang froid*; but what are they doing? Tell them to make haste. Ah! I understand; they are sharpening their knives.' A gentle tap was heard at the door, and seven minutes afterwards all was over. I do not think that a similar misfortune has ever happened to an artist in the midst of his career, and never did a man support a misfortune with more courage and strength of soul. There are many who suffer amputation on the field of battle—many young and valiant officers who lose their arms or legs, but it is their fate; they receive their decorations, and one does not know whether most to pity or to envy them; but for an artist who dreams of new creations and new successes, the misfortune is certainly more sad. That hand I had so often clasped, that arm so full of life and force, that gave so much vigour and energy to the action of many a great scene, I have seen it for the last time, and, good God! in what state—livid, inert, a nameless mass. Since the amputation, Roger has said to me: 'My friend, this is not the worst I have had to suffer in the course of my artistic life. I have played many parts, and, generally speaking, in clothes that were not made for me, and that were too tight or too loose, and now! . . . My dear Roger, do not despair; your misfortune is great, but there is no reason yet that you should renounce either art or the stage. Look you, if I were Scribe or Auber, Saint

Georges or Halévy, I should be already at work, and I would create for you a part that would have some analogy with your present condition. There are not wanting materials. The young girls of Brescia have made a vow that they will marry only those wounded in the war of independence. I have no occasion to enter into developments of plot. Suppose a rôle written expressly for you under present circumstances—suppose a work written by good authors and popular composers. You have at once 300 representations. All France and all Europe would desire to applaud you, and testify the interest they take in you. These words were not spoken to Roger simply to console a patient with vain hopes; I do not scruple to make them public, for I am convinced the idea may be carried into execution, and a theatre thus revived and a great artist restored to the stage."

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.—The *Hobart Town Mercury* draws attention to the bark of the tea-tree which abounds in the forests of Tasmania, as admirably adapted for the manufacture of paper. Nature itself manufactures paper from it of her own accord. During the summer months, when the trees shed their leaves and bark, these accumulate in the gullies and dry creeks. So soon as they are brought into contact with the water they form a thick pulp, which spreads itself over the uneven surface of the water-courses, and which, after it has been desalted by the water, remains spread out into a huge sheet of stiff brown paper.

CULTIVATION OF SILK ON THE BALTIC.—An attempt is about to be made on a scale of some importance to introduce the growth of silk into Holstein as a staple article of commerce. The mulberry trees, which have been planted for some time on the shores of the Baltic near Heiligenhafen, have thriven well, and an abundant supply of cocoons has been received, to the future produce of which those who are engaged in the enterprise look forward with confidence for a profitable result.

THE HELYPSOMETER.—An American paper states that at a meeting of the American Photographic Society recently held Mr. John Oakes exhibited his Helypsometer, an instrument intended to take the altitude of the sun when the horizon is obscured. It is described as follows: "It is the lower half of a hollow sphere, held level by a binnacle apparatus. Over it is laid a metallic plate with a small hole in the centre, through which the sun shines on sensitive paper, which is stretched on the inner surface of the hollow hemisphere, marking his path. With this line marked, it is easy to read the greatest altitude of the sun on a scale accompanying the instrument, and it is claimed that latitude may be determined by it to within one or two miles."

RECENT GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.—The *Hereford Journal* gives an account of the discovery of a fossil fish, of the genus *Pteraspis*, by R. Lightbody, Esq., of Ludlow, announced by the president of the Malvern Field Club, at the Apperley meeting of the Worcester, Malvern, Cotteswold, and Warwickshire Field Clubs. Shortly afterwards Mr. Symonds, accompanied by Mr. Edwin Lees and Messrs. Lightbody and Salwey, of Ludlow, carefully examined the quarry where the fossil was detected, and the exact position in which this most ancient of known fishes lay entombed for ages. The *locale* of the fossil cannot be doubted. The rock is the Lower Ludlow of Murchison, and is full of characteristic fossils, one, a Rhynchonella, being imbedded with the fish. Mr. J. W. Salter, the well-known palæontologist, has described this *Pteraspis* in the "Annals of Natural History" for July, under the name of "*Pteraspis Ludensis*." The structure of this unique fossil is very like that of "*Pteraspis truncatus*."

DIPHTHERIA.—Another remedy against this dreadful disorder is recommended in the *Union Médicale* by Dr. Roche. It consists of irrigations of the throat with salt water, continued almost without intermission, the patient lying on his side, with a basin under his mouth to receive the liquid running out, while a thin jet of salt water is directed upon the tonsils and other swollen parts with an irrigator. In one of the cases described by Dr. Roche, he previously cauterised the parts with stick caustic; but in another case, which was that of a child about five years of age, he was unable to introduce it, and was obliged to have recourse to irrigation alone, with which he obtained a perfect cure. The effect of the salt water is to wither the adventitious membranes by degrees, and to reduce the swelling. The water may be impregnated either with common salt, or with alum, chlorate of potassa, iodide of potassium, or chloride of lime; in all cases so as to render the taste supportable.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ITEMS.

WE LEARN from *Aris's Birmingham Gazette* that the Midland Counties Archaeological Society lately made an excursion from Birmingham to the site of the old Roman city, *Uriconium*. After inspecting the place and the progress of the excavations, the excursionists assembled beneath the Old Wall to hear an account of the progress made from Mr. Wright; after which they visited Wroxeter and its ancient church, and then returned to Shrewsbury.

The *Hants Advertiser* supplies us with a report of the adjourned meeting held at the Guildhall, Newport, Isle of Wight, for the purpose of receiving an answer from the Vicar of Carisbrooke to the resolution passed at the last meeting. A letter from the Rev. E. James, M.A., Vicar of Carisbrooke, was accordingly read, in which that gentleman declined to grant a lease to those gentlemen who proposed to erect a suitable building over the villa, so as to render it accessible to the public at all times; at the same time, the vicar expressed his intention of covering in the figured pavements and the bath and leave the tessellated pavement alone open on terms of subsequent consideration. The Chairman remarked that, in relation to the Roman villa, there appeared to be but one general wish, and that was that the whole of it should be uncovered. They had only begun a work, and did not know where it would end, or what it would lead to. The extent of the villa was not as yet known; they did not know what other beauties would be exposed to view; they did not know what treasure might remain hidden by the ancient Roman who formerly inhabited the villa, or what pots of coins might be concealed. Pots of coins had been found in other places; one containing 600 was found at Shanklin. Roman coins and other treasure had sometimes been discovered of great value. Until the whole of the villa was exposed it would not satisfy any one who had an antiquarian mind. It was the feeling of the committee that the whole should be uncovered. He did not think that the vicar knew of the strong feeling which existed relative to the ruins, a feeling extending throughout the whole country, from the peasant to the crown. He thought that the committee should wait on the vicar, and then perhaps he would relent, and uncover the whole of the villa. As much as 12½ in a day had been already taken to view it in its present condition, and what an extra source of attraction it would be if the whole was exposed to view. It would be a vast ornament to the locality, and also a great inducement to visitors, and hence a source of general benefit. He trusted that in the end the vicar would consent to expose the whole to public view.—Dr. Wilkins stated the result of communications, to a degree of a private nature, he had received, and also parti-

culars of an interview he had had with Col. the Hon. Sir Charles Phipps, and which were of a highly interesting and gratifying nature, and from which, as the chairman expressed it, the same sentiments with regard to the villa were entertained, alike from the peasant to the crown. Eventually, all persons present agreeing upon the desirability of having all the ruins uncovered (at the same time recognising the difficulties of the position in which the vicar was placed), resolutions were passed to the effect that nothing less than the complete excavation of the villa in its entirety would be satisfactory to the public; and that it is desirable that the villa should be constantly accessible to visitors under certain regulations of payment. Finally it was agreed that a deputation should wait upon the vicar to put him in possession of the important communication from an influential quarter referred to by Dr. Wilkins; which deputation has since waited upon the Rev. E. James, but with what result is not yet known.

An extensive assortment of the gold images recently discovered in the "Huacos," or Indian burial-places, upon the Isthmus of Panama, were yesterday exhibited at the office of the *New York Tribune*, by one of the gentlemen from Messrs. Ball, Black, and Co.'s, with whom they were left by Dr. Oris for exhibition. They were eight or ten in number, all of gold, and of most curious workmanship and design. Number one is in the form of a bat, with outspread wings and legs, having a dragon-like head, surmounted by four horns curling outwards. It is of the purest gold, and weighs about six ounces. Number two is a frog, with large protruding eyes, the eyeballs being inclosed in the sockets like the balls in sleigh bells. This appears to be slightly alloyed with copper, and weighs about 2½ ounces. Number three has the body and legs of an alligator, with the head and ears of a lamb, only with an enormous mouth and dragon-like teeth, and weighs about two ounces. Number four is an idol of hideous and obscene conception, with legs and arms extended, the head flat, having a fanlike crown at the back, a wide open mouth, and a hooked nose, under which curls something like the latest form of moustache. This was evidently one of the obscene gods which belonged to the Peruvians. This idol weighs about two ounces, and is of fine gold. Besides these there were a frog, an eagle, very small twin frogs, and an armadillo, and a small bell. The whole weigh over a pound, and were purchased by Dr. Oris from a person on the isthmus at twenty dollars per ounce. The excitement growing out of these discoveries is represented as being very great throughout the isthmus, and multitudes were leaving for the Chiriqui, in the district of Boqueron. One thousand persons were reported already at work in that region, digging for the newly-discovered treasures. Several vessels were advertised to leave Panama. The place is some 150 miles from that point.

LITERARY NEWS.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE has just issued, under the superintendence of Mr. John Payne Collier, a fac-simile of the 1604 edition of Shakespeare's "Hamlet." This is the edition published while Shakespeare was alive, which professes to be, not incorrectly, "newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was according to the true and perfect copie."

Dr. Cumming has now in Mr. Bentley's press a volume bearing the significant title of "The Great Tribulation coming upon Earth." Surely one would have thought that by this time the Doctor ought to be convinced that the gift of prophecy is not in him.

The results of the Middle-class Examinations held by the University of Oxford have been published; but these only specify the lists of the successful candidates, the places at which they were examined, and their classifications. It is a curious comment upon the merits of the debate as to making religious examinations compulsory, that in some of the classes not one half of the candidates have that asterisk prefixed to their names which signifies that they have satisfied the examiners in the rudiments of faith and religion.

Miss Florence Nightingale, who read a paper on the "Management of Hospitals," at the last meeting of the Social Science Association in Liverpool, has presented the MSS. of the paper to the corporation of that town. At the meeting of the Liverpool town council on Wednesday week, the Mayor was requested to acknowledge Miss Nightingale's gift, and to inform her that it would be carefully preserved amongst the corporate archives.

On Wednesday afternoon a deputation from the parish of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, waited upon the Home Secretary, on the subject of the exemption from rates of public institutions, and complaining of such exemption. The answer of the Minister was to the effect that it was a private or local and not a Government matter, and that it was competent for any private member of Parliament to bring forward a bill on the subject. He did not think that the present Government would introduce a bill affecting public institutions.

A contemporary says: "The original book of the four Evangelists, upon which all our kings, from Henry I. to Edward VI., took the coronation oath, is now in the library of a maiden lady, in Eaton-square. It is in manuscript, and written on vellum, the form and beauty of the letters nearly approaching to Roman capitals. It appears to have been written and prepared for the coronation of the first-named monarch. The original binding, which is still in a perfect state, consists of two oaken boards, nearly an inch thick, fastened together with stout thongs of leather, and the corners defended by large bosses of brass. On the right side (as the book is opened) of the outer cover is a crucifix of brass, double gilt, which was kissed by the kings upon their inauguration; and the whole is fastened together by a strong clasp of brass, fixed to a broad piece of leather, nailed on with two large brass pins. Surely this national curiosity ought to be deposited in the British Museum."

The *Publishers' Circular* gives some interesting items of news:—Messrs. J. W. Parker and Son have in the press a History of the Hungarian War, by Otto Wenkster, who has had many opportunities of forming a just estimate of that war, and of the actors in it. Several new books from our leading authors, especially in fiction, are announced in Boston, U.S., for which we hear, on reference to the authors, there is no authority, and they hear of the promised books for the first time: but for this we should hail with pleasure the announcement in the papers by this mail of "a new novel by Mrs. Gaskell." Mr. Thackeray's new monthly is now spoken of as a certainty, to commence with the new year—we believe the engagement provides for a new tale from the editor, and that a very attractive list of contents may be expected. Mr. Hughes, the author of that pleasant book, "Tom Brown's School Days," is also quoted as the editor of a new monthly, to be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

The *Dorset County Chronicle* says that Prince Lucien Buonaparte, the distinguished philologist, who is now engaged in an investigation of the ethnology and local dialects of various countries and districts, and in illustrating them by the publication of well-known portions of Scripture in each tongue and idiom, paid a visit on Friday to our local linguist, the Rev. Wm. Barnes, author of "Poems in the Dorset Dialect," "Hwomely Rhymes," &c., whose works had attracted the Prince's especial observation, and after some time spent in fraternising in the tongues—the Prince speaking French and Italian very beautifully, and exhibiting, we believe, no inconsiderable mastery of Welsh, Basque, &c.—the lions of the place were duly visited, and Mr. Barnes then accompanied the Prince to Weymouth, en route for Cornwall, where he

intends devoting some space to the study of the language. It is understood that Prince Lucien intends having a portion of the Gospels translated into the distinctive dialects of Dorset, Somerset, and Cornwall.

The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* states that 9000 copies of the Laureate's "Idylls of the King" have been already sold. The same gentleman points to the fact that Mr. Tennyson received 100*l.* for his poem in the third number of *Once a Week*, as an instance of the patronage now lavished upon poetry. Is it not rather a striking proof of the extent to which publishers will go in paying for advertisement? It was not so much the merit of the poetry that caused the 100*l.* to be paid as the value of the name for the placard and the advertising column. The same authority announces that the new periodical of Messrs. Smith and Elder, in which Mr. Thackeray is to write, will not appear before January next, and that before that time another monthly magazine may be in the field, with Messrs. M'Millan for publishers, and Mr. Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," for editor.

The following notice has been issued by the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education:—Examinations in Science: Teachers wishing to attend the examinations of the Science and Art Department in—1. Practical and descriptive geometry, with mechanical and machine drawing, and building construction; 2. Physics; 3. Chemistry; 4. Geology and mineralogy (applied to mining); 5. Natural history,—for the purpose of obtaining augmentation grants to their salaries (under the Science minute of the 2nd June 1859), must send their names, addresses, and present occupation, to the secretary of the Department, South Kensington, on or before the 31st October 1859. The examinations will be held in the metropolis in the last week of November. Certificates of three grades will be granted in each subject, giving the holder an augmentation grant of 10*l.*, 15*l.*, or 20*l.* a year on each certificate while giving instruction to a class of operatives in that subject. These payments will be in addition to the value of any certificates of competency for giving primary instruction, should the teacher have already obtained any such from the Committee of Council on Education.

On Monday a special general court of the members of the Incorporated Society of Licensed Victuallers, convened in accordance with the provisions of the rules, ordinances, and by-laws, was held at the School-house, Upper Kennington-lane, for the purpose of receiving a report from the governor and committee, and of considering the propriety of making certain amendments in the 33rd and 41st sections of the rules, of the terms of which due notice had been given. The report, as read by Mr. Smalley, was to the effect that, although at the institution of the school twenty children were educated exclusively out of the profits of the *Morning Advertiser* newspaper, it had acquired expansion by the establishment of the subscription fund, and it was to that it was indebted for the exalted position it holds among the charitable institutions of the kingdom. Up to 1850, however, licensed victuallers who were life-subscribers to the school, but not members of the Incorporated Society, were denied the benefits of the school; this anomaly, however, had been got rid of. Desiring to encourage that unity of purpose between the country and town trade, which the *Morning Advertiser* has done so much to encourage, the governor and committee have come to the conclusion that no more suitable manner of cementing the union of the town and country trade could be found than to allow the children of their provincial brethren to participate in the advantages of the school on such terms as will only meet the extra expenses which would be incurred. To meet these extra expenses, it is suggested that each child might be received at present at a charge of 18*l.* per annum. The principal regulations proposed for the admission of children of the above class are as follows:—"1. That the children shall be nominated by the committee of some recognised licensed victuallers' provincial society in England. 2. That the children shall be under the same regulations as those who are elected by the subscribers at large, or are placed in the school, on the Permanent Fund Establishment, by the governor and committee. 3. That, as the apprentice and service fees paid to children after leaving the school are derived from the Subscription Fund, or from the funds of the Incorporated Society, the children of members of the provincial associations shall not be entitled to receive, nor shall receive, any amount as an apprentice or service fee out of the funds of the institution. 4. That the number of such children maintained in the school at one and the same time shall be limited to thirty." The governor and committee cannot doubt, when the committees of the provincial associations become more immediately associated with the institution, and witness the advantages which the children nominated by them derive therefrom, that they will use their influence in various ways for the benefit of the charity; and that the concession now proposed will be a means of ultimately extending the circulation of the *Morning Advertiser*. After a discussion, in which all present seemed to recognise the advantage of the course proposed, the report and resolution founded thereupon were unanimously adopted.

A Committee of the Privy Council met on Monday for the purpose of hearing counsel in opposition to a special report of the commissioners appointed under the "Act to make provision for the better Government and Discipline of the Universities of Scotland, and Improving and Regulating the Course of Study therein, and for the Union of the two Universities and Colleges of Aberdeen" (20th and 21st Victoria, cap. 83). On the 12th of March the Scotch University Commissioners passed an ordinance containing the following provisions:—"1. That the provisions of the statute (20th and 21st of Victoria, cap. 83) shall, as regards the universities and colleges of Aberdeen, come into operation and receive effect from and after the 15th of October in this present year, and from and after that date the University and King's College of Aberdeen and Marischal College and University of Aberdeen shall be united and incorporated into one university and college under the style and title of the 'University of Aberdeen.' 2. That there shall not be more than one professorship in any one branch of instruction in the Faculty of Arts in the University of Aberdeen. 3. That the classes in the Faculty of Arts, with the exception of the class of Natural History and the classes in the Faculty of Divinity in the University of Aberdeen, shall assemble and be taught in that portion of the university buildings hitherto belonging to and occupied by King's College, with any additions that may be made thereto; and those in the Faculties of Law and Medicine, and also the class of Natural History, shall assemble and be taught in that portion of the University buildings hitherto belonging to and occupied by Marischal College, with any additions that may be made thereto. 4. That the general library of the University shall be kept at that portion of the University buildings hitherto belonging to and occupied by King's College; but any library or libraries to be appropriated to the Faculties of Law and Medicine shall be placed in buildings convenient for the use of those faculties." A petition was presented by the Dean of the Faculty and Principal and Professors of the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen, praying that her Majesty would withhold her approbation from this ordinance, and also that the petitioners should be heard by counsel before the commissioners, and that the commissioners should be directed to make a special report. Petitions to a similar effect were presented by the city of Aberdeen, and by other persons and bodies interested in the subject-matter, and these were referred to the commissioners by an order in council; and on the 22d of July the commissioners presented their report, in which they reviewed the requirements of the petitioners that King's College and Marischal College should be kept up

as distinct institutions so far as concerns the Faculty of Arts, and defended their ordinance on the ground that they had no power to consider the propriety of maintaining the two colleges, the statute having expressly abolished them as separate institutions, and that they could not entertain the proposal for the erection or maintenance of two separate and distinct Faculties of Arts in the United College. When counsel had been heard, the Lord President announced that it was intended to recommend Her Majesty to disapprove the first article of the ordinance, and to reserve the consideration of the merits of the remaining articles until other ordinances relating to the universities and colleges of Aberdeen should have been made by the commissioners.

The American papers state that Mr. T. C. Evans, of New York, has sailed for this country with the view of engaging Mr. Dickens to give "readings" in the United States.

The *Solat Public* of Lyons calls attention to the difference of pay between the salaries accorded to Racine and Boileau when they attended the Grande Monarque as historiographers, and the sums paid to M. Amédée Achard for a similar service about the person of Napoleon III. It appears that when the two great French poets had been appointed to follow Louis XIV., Boileau was taken ill and could not follow; whereupon a correspondence arose between him and Racine. In one of the earliest of the letters which passed between them Racine writes in great delight that their appointments were very handsome, 4000 francs (160*l.*) for Racine and 8000 (320*l.*) for Boileau. M. Amédée Achard, however, gets fifty centimes per line and the expenses of his journey.

The Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* says that Mr. R. H. Dana, Jun., has left for California, and intends to make a voyage round the world, taking full notes of what he sees for future use if he should find time. His incessant application to a large legal practice has greatly injured his health, but change of scene and a long absence, it is hoped, will re-establish it. California will present rather a different view than that which he saw when he was "before the mast." According to the same authority, Messrs. Ticknor and Fields will publish next fall a new work by Nathaniel Hawthorne, author of "The Scarlet Letter."

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This vast and varied collection of facts and dates relating to the Clergy and the Church may be fully relied on for accuracy, having been obtained by a fourfold canvas of the whole of the English Clergy. The cost of collection and compilation has been very great, but the Publisher believes that he has succeeded in producing the most useful, because most complete and comprehensive, Directory of the Clergy and the Church which has yet been offered to the Public.

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